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AS WE ENTER the sixth year of the depression, business activity, in the editorial words of the *Annalist* of October 19, is "almost at its extreme depth." According to Harry Hopkins, at least 16,600,000 persons received relief in September, with a substantial increase to be expected with the coming of winter. It is not surprising that relief as an issue is coming more and more to dominate the perorations of politicians and to haunt the minds of socially minded persons like Mr. Hopkins who see the shadow of the dole extending over an ever larger section of the population. "The danger of attaching public outdoor relief to our American political system," said Mr. Hopkins in his speech before a charitable organization in New York, "is very real"; he cited the President's recent "thrilling statement" that he was unwilling to accept a defeatist philosophy which would assume that we were going to have large numbers of unemployed for years to come; and he concluded with a declaration that "these assurances [of jobs and security for all] can be given within our industrial system without in any way affecting its fundamental structure." Mr. Hopkins here poses the central problem of the New Deal. Earlier in his speech he pointed out that "a very modest proportion of the total national income would give this security." The fact that corporate interest and dividend payments are estimated by the *Journal of Commerce* at $6,340,000,000 for 1934 as against $7,584,000,000 in 1929 shows that the income is still there. The question is: Can even the necessary "modest proportion" be extracted without affecting the fundamental structure of our system; and if it can be, will the Roosevelt Administration have the courage to extract it?

WITH THE ELECTIONS OVER, the Administration has suddenly become aware once more that large orders for American goods are being held up because of its failure to reach an agreement with the Soviet government on the pre-revolutionary Russian debt. According to a dispatch from Moscow, the State Department has submitted a new proposal which fixes the capital value of the Russian obligations to the United States—including the Kerensky debt and all private claims—at not more than $100,000,000. This figure is considerably lower than any previously mentioned in connection with these negotiations. It is not to be paid in cash but, as had heretofore been agreed upon, by increasing the rate of interest on credits granted by American manufacturers. It is understood that the Export-Import Bank will guarantee 75 per cent of these credits and that the manufacturers will carry the rest. While the report that an agreement has already been reached is probably premature, it is significant that a large number of prominent American business men are already assembled in the Soviet capital ready to enter into contracts the moment they are permitted to do so by law. Apparently these men have never heard that Soviet Russia is an economic vacuum, or perhaps they have somewhat revised opinions previously held regarding the prospects for capitalism in this country.

THE NEW FRENCH CABINET, headed by the forty-five-year-old Pierre-Etienne Flandin, represents in all essentials a continuation of the government of national union established by ex-Premier Doumergue. With a few exceptions—notably Tardieu and Pétain—the new ministry includes the same names as the old one, and is an avowed attempt to preserve the "political truce" which has existed since the riots of last February. Doumergue's downfall was brought about by his inability to reach a compromise with Herriot on his program of constitutional reform. Although the Radical Socialist Congress had expressed approval of any reform insuring ministerial stability, it had instructed its representatives in the Cabinet not to favor measures which would permit "assumption of personal power at the expense of republican liberties." Consequently the Radical Socialists held out for some modification of the proposal to give the Premier the right to dissolve the Chamber at will, a concession Doumergue was unwilling to grant. The new Premier is more concerned with improving business conditions than with the revision of the constitution, and may be expected to initiate some form of economic planning and control similar to that already in operation in Great Britain and the United States.

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THAT THE NAZIS will hesitate at nothing in their effort to assure a favorable vote in the Saar plebiscite is amply revealed in the Saar Commission's report to the League of Nations. The evidence presented by the commission shows that the "German Front" in the Saar, with its 10,000 members, is only another name for the Nazi Party, and that it has functioned in direct cooperation with the Prussian secret police. This group has not only maintained an efficient espionage system, even spying on the members of the League Commission, but has resorted to various forms of blackmail, intimidation, and open terrorism in the attempt to force the German population into line for the forthcoming election. Pressure has been especially directed against Catholic priests—since 70 per cent of the population is Catholic—and is exercised through the German radio and by none too carefully veiled threats of action to be taken "after 1935." Hundreds of letters from various German ministries were seized in a raid on the German Front, revealing the existence of a special courier system with the Nazi secret police in Trier. One of these contained the suggestion that a prominent anti-Nazi be kidnapped and spirited over the German border where "we could . . . get a warrant" against him. Pressure has also been used to force local shopkeepers and private citizens to decorate their buildings with Nazi flags, and the plan of the German Front envisions "reaching individually every inhabitant of the Saar and placing every person under its control." Even more threatening to the peace of Europe was the discovery of complete plans for mobilizing the organization in a crisis. Under the circumstances further trouble appears inevitable unless the vote goes overwhelmingly in Germany's favor.

JUDGE NIELDS'S observations in the continued hearings on the Weirton suit suggest an unhappy ending to a farce which has already dragged out too long. Even if Judge Nields should grant the relief the government asks, the Weirton Company would merely be restrained, in a vague, unspecified sense, from violating the statute. The employer would not be obliged to submit to an election of employee representatives; he would not be obliged to recognize these representatives in any practical way; he would not be obliged to execute a collective agreement. But if Judge Nields rules against the government, he will undermine the last, weak theoretical underpinnings on which the various labor boards now rest. It will become manifest that the boards never can expect to enforce Section 7-a against anti-union employers as long as it rests with the Department of Justice to initiate and maintain legal proceedings. In any event the history of the suit illustrates clearly why the trade unions cannot afford to bind themselves to an industrial truce on the terms suggested by the President. The strike for union recognition in the Weirton plants began early last fall. On October 16, 1933, when Mr. Weir consented to allow a National Labor Board election, the union agreed to call off the strike. Once the strike was over and the original impetus of the drive for union recognition had died down, Mr. Weir changed his mind and refused to go through with the election. Since that time the government has engaged in attempt after attempt, each more futile than the last, to compel the company to bargain collectively. What did the union gain by calling off its strike and leaving its case with the National Labor Board?

THE RED CROSS roll-call is being conducted as we write and ten million persons may be expected to answer it. Before they do so, however, they might be interested in reading an article by John Spivak in the *American Mercury* for November. There they will find an extended discussion of the Red Cross, some of which had been made public before, but none of which is without point. These potential members may ask themselves the following questions: Do they like to think of the Red Cross as an organization which refuses aid to the children of striking miners, presses Negro tenant farmers back into the peonage from which a flood would have mercifully freed them, spends forty cents of the dollar it collects on relief and sixty cents on salaries and overhead, puts $4,000,000 collected from the American people for drought relief into a "Special War Fund," and *sells* powdered yeast to pellagra sufferers instead of dispensing to them, from an ample treasury, the food which they need? If the prospective Red Cross member finds that he does not object to these activities on the part of America's greatest "relief" organization—or even that he does not want to know more about these and other charges that Mr. Spivak makes—he may then step up, pay his dollar, and receive in return a red-and-white button to wear on his coat.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES which led the sovereign State of Missouri to send Harry S. Truman to the United States Senate are scarcely such as to inspire confidence in our democratic institutions. Last summer the obscure Mr. Truman yearned to quit his office as County Judge of Jackson County and become County Collector of Taxes. The post he held was a humdrum affair; that which he had in his mind's eye paid on a fee basis and paid handsomely. But Boss "Tom" Pendergast, absolute monarch of Kansas City and leader of the Democratic Party in Missouri, had other plans for the collectorship. Casting about for something else for his ambitious lieutenant, he hit on the senatorial nomination. Disappointed, no doubt, Truman accepted. On primary day the Pendergast boys gave him a plurality of 130,000 in Kansas City, with the result that in the State-wide vote he beat two veteran Congressmen, John J. Cochran of St. Louis and Jacob L. Milligan of Richmond, by 40,000 and 130,000 votes respectively. The election was a formality, his majority over the archaic Patterson being 260,000. And so Harry S. Truman will not collect taxes for his county but will vote yes and no on treaties with foreign countries, appointments to the Supreme Court, and things like that.

WITH A DEMOCRATIC Legislature in New York State the issue of reapportionment, blocked by the Republicans for twenty years, now comes to the front. Stressed by Governor Lehman in his campaign, reapportionment was rejected by his opponent, Robert Moses, who took the traditional stand of the reactionary leaders of his party—that the G. O. P. is entitled to control the Legislature by acreage alone, and that it is sheer presumption for New York City's millions to aspire to representation at Albany proportionate with that of Chautauqua County. Now, with a Democratic Governor, Senate, and Assembly, New York City and to a less extent the other cities of the State will get a new distribution of seats. But a numerically fair appor-

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tionment of legislative districts is not possible under the State constitution, which prescribes one Assemblyman for each rural county and prevents the two most populous counties—New York and Kings—from electing a majority of the Senate. These provisions may be changed only by a constitutional amendment, which must be submitted to the voters by two Legislatures in which the Senate membership is not the same. It will be necessary for the Democrats to retain control of the Assembly two years from now to permit the voters to pass on this much-needed reform.

THE MAGICIAN OF LOUISIANA, the immortal Huey, having made colonels out of football stars and a member of the State Senate out of a resident of Mississippi who is not even an American citizen, has now turned his attention to the debt question. With a gesture as magnificent as it is sweeping he has directed his Legislature to pass a bill permitting a two-year moratorium on all debts, public and private, of more than eight dollars. The sum was determined after Senator Long remembered that he himself had made numerous loans of $7 a head to students who wished to attend a football game at Nashville recently. An even more worth-while campaign, however, was initiated when Huey was served with a portion of restaurant chicken stew consisting solely of wings and necks. A roaring protest from the Senator got him a platter of white meat with a couple of second joints thrown in for good measure, and since he never thinks of himself but always of the public he serves, he demanded the same generosity for all chicken consumers, whose numbers, one hears, are now on the increase. It is rumored that the next piece of Louisiana legislation will take care of this matter in proper legal fashion. Any chicken growing a neck will have it stretched by the public hangman, and not more than one wing is to be permitted to a fowl. An extra drumstick is demanded instead. It is further rumored that the chickens have organized in an Anti-Long and Our-Necks-Forever League. Their spokesman, Senator Cock-of-the-Walk, is quoted as follows: "We shall show Mr. Long that we will not be dictated to on the subject of necking. We shall grow our necks and wings when and how we please, and if he doesn't look out we shall double up on pope's noses and leave special directions that they all be put in his fricassee."

THE SCOTTSBORO CASE continues to be in a muddle. An appeal is to be heard very shortly by the United States Supreme Court in the case of Clarence Norris, sentenced to die on December 7. The Alabama Supreme Court refused to review the case of Haywood Patterson, sentenced to die the same day. Should the Supreme Court refuse to consider Patterson's case on the ground that it does not come from a supreme State tribunal, only a gubernatorial pardon or commutation of sentence could save Patterson's life. It is also unclear who will argue before the Supreme Court. The International Labor Defense states it has retained Walter Pollak, who made the successful appeal last year. Mr. Leibowitz still claims he has been retained directly by the boys, and will be associated with a qualified appeal attorney. Mr. Pollak is preparing the necessary papers, but he may be asked to turn them over to someone indicated by Mr. Leibowitz before the Supreme Court hearing. The I. L. D. is appealing for funds; Mr. Leibowitz is roundly denouncing radicalism, mass movements, and all doubters of the evenhandedness of Southern justice. Nor is the State of Alabama passive. It is preparing to prosecute two I. L. D. attorneys on a charge of attempted bribery of a witness. From Montgomery we learn that Alabama agents are out with a warrant to seize on charges of perjury Ruby Bates, who testified as State's witness in the original Scottsboro trial, but later aided the defense. Should they succeed in carrying her to Alabama, they would be able to offer immunity in return for a new reversal of testimony. All of which is depressing to the hundreds of thousands who believe firmly in the innocence of the nine boys and in the need of saving their lives.

THE PAST FEW YEARS have been a period of unprecedented prosperity for armament makers the world over, according to a recent report compiled by the Foreign Policy Association. Despite the disarmament conference and the exposures of the activities of the international munitions ring—to say nothing of the appalling misery resulting from the world depression—expenditures for military purposes in 1934 are well above the 1930 level in practically all countries and are far higher than in 1914. In the more recent period Japan has been the chief offender, having expanded its defense budget by more than 96 per cent. It also has the worst record when the 1934 budget is compared with that of 1914—the increase being more than 300 per cent. Next in order is the United States, which spent nearly three times as much as in 1913. The tremendous rise in modern defense expenditures is due chiefly to the mania for mechanization and increased mobility, as exemplified in the building of tank units, the motorization of cavalry and artillery, and the expansion of the air forces. From the standpoint of a military man this no doubt seems essential, but for the world as a whole it can only mean murder and destruction.

AN UNUSUALLY FLOURISHING CROP of rumors had the Nobel Prize for Literature awarded to half a dozen different persons, including Eugene O'Neill and Willa Cather. Instead, it went to Luigi Pirandello, the sixty-seven-year-old Italian novelist and playwright whose "Six Characters in Search of an Author" was once a hit on the New York stage, and another of whose dramas, "As You Desire Me," was recently filmed in Hollywood. In the issue of *The Nation* for October 24 Professor Arthur Livingston, probably the best-informed American critic of Pirandello's work, reviewed a recently published volume of the latter's short stories and incidentally offered a general estimate of his importance. For that reason we shall not comment at length upon the award, though one observation is perhaps worth making. Pirandello is not an important writer in the sense either that he has large political or social significance or that his scope is wide. On the contrary, his most successful works have all dealt with the same metaphysical problem—the nature of truth and the ambiguous relationship between reality and belief. But he is intense as well as ingenious in the fables he invents to illustrate the problem which obsesses him, and he writes with an incisiveness and wit surprising to those who tend to think of modern Italian literature in terms of D'Annunzio's "poisonous honey." Pirandello could never be an influential writer. He is a very intellectual and tonic one.

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The Death of the G.O.P.

MOST election results can be read either as affirmations or negations, and oftener than not the negative reading is more correct. The vote of 1932 went against the Republican Party rather than for the Democrats. The election of last week, we believe, also is more intelligible as a negation. We do not say it was not a positive personal indorsement of the President, for it was—and a remarkable one. We do not say it was not in a sense a ratification of the New Deal, though we fail to see how the New Deal as a program is concrete enough to be appraised by the great mass of voters. But the greater significance of the election is that it repudiated Republicanism for a second successive time. It was still more a vote against the old deal than specific approval of the new.

The second repudiation of Republicanism was emphatic enough to overcome the natural tide in a mid-term election toward the opposition. This is the first time in the history of the two present parties that this has happened. A good many commentators have used the occasion to tell the President that this lays upon him unprecedented responsibility, as it does. But it lays even greater responsibility on the men whose task it will be to build a new Republican Party.

Writing to Abraham Lincoln, founder of the Republican Party, Karl Marx, as secretary for Germany of the International Workingmen's Association in London, used these words: "The workingmen of Europe consider it as an earnest sign of the epoch to come that it fell to the lot of Abraham Lincoln, the single-minded son of the working class, to lead his country through the matchless struggle for the rescue of the enchained race and the reconstruction of a social world." Karl Marx misread the part to be played in the "epoch to come" by Lincoln and his party. But his letter is a startling reminder of what the Republican Party once appeared to be. Had it fought this election for the rescue of a single human being from economic servitude, or shown the faintest glimmer of interest in reconstructing the social world, the outcome would have been different.

Even now, in the abyss of defeat, many Republicans do not see that their party is dead, or that this election has made first-class history. The New York *Herald Tribune* cannot even find that the country has moved to the left. Contented with the defeat of Sinclair in California, it pooh-poohs the radicalism of Robert La Follette and Governor Olson. The La Follette program, it states, "is not in any real sense extremist any more than was the Farmer-Labor program in Minnesota." Readers of *The Nation,* at least, know that the platform on which Olson was reelected calls for public ownership of industry, and that the beliefs of La Follette, if the editor of the *Herald Tribune* examined them, would choke him with alarm.

The country has moved as much to the left, at least, as is required to administer two successive crushing defeats to Republicanism. We believe it has gone considerably farther. The defeat of Sinclair is not proof to the contrary, for the large vote he was able to poll shows the sudden awakening that is possible in American political thought. The firm establishment of the Progressive Party in Wisconsin and the triumph of the Farmer-Labor ticket in Minnesota, while not in themselves representing a marked change in course, confirm a steady development in the radical direction. Far more of the vote for the Democratic Party was radical than can be seen in the candidates chosen, for the hold of the President on the public is chiefly due to the belief that he is building a better life for common people, which is another way of saying that he ranks as radical. But essentially the move to the left was the move away from Republicanism, and in this sense even the election of Joseph M. Guffey in Pennsylvania must be so read, however devoid of merit he may be. For in that State was signed the death warrant of the Republican Party in its present identity.

There can be no question that the President put into the campaign every device of strategy his great wit could conceive with the express purpose of making the Democratic Party the great majority party in the country. He gauged what he said in a radical way for its political effect. He extracted every possible campaign advantage from the New Deal expenditures. He timed his semi-reconciliation with business as a final appeal to the upper-class vote which otherwise might have been lost. This election was his chance. The one two years ago had a measure of inadvertence in it; the depression had overtaken the Republicans and they had been defeated by it. This time he and Farley saw that the depression could be helped to do for the Democratic Party what the Civil War had done for the Republican. The President did not show at his best in this straining for the long-term result. His stabbing of Bronson Cutting, while fortunately not fatal, will not be pleasant to remember, and his open help of Guffey was not handsome doing. But the party stakes were high, and the President is first of all a politician, and a successful one.

Now that Congress is elected, the Administration finds itself successful to the point of unhealthiness. Large majorities signify lack of balance, and unbalance is instability. Most of the opposition will have to come from within the Democratic Party. This will make for confusion, and ultimately it threatens to confuse the leadership of the President. He will strive to hold his ranks in line while the natural forces of healthy government are disrupting them. We saw considerable inconsistency in the White House during the last Congress on this account. We can anticipate more of it in the next two years. New Dealers are pretending they are not afraid of the President's ability to do what appears almost impossible. They point to the fact that most of the candidates elected on the Democratic ticket know too well that they succeeded by virtue of their oath of loyalty to him. But when it comes to the great constructive measures which must be debated in the next session, Congress is certain to assert its place in the American system, and party lines can be maintained only by compromises that may end in making the New Deal still more of a hodge-podge than it already is. But this is the price to be paid for the death of a party. Franklin D. Roosevelt has finally smashed the opposition. He is sure of six years of unchallenged power. He now must begin the work of permanent construction.

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The Naval Crisis

IT is possible to recognize the fundamental nature of the deadlock which has developed in the London naval conversations and at the same time feel that the existing impasse is wholly unnecessary. Obviously the United States will not acquiesce in the Japanese demand for parity in the form that it has been presented. This country is faced with the necessity of defending both its Eastern and Western seaboards, and equality of tonnage—or anything approximating it—would actually give Japan a considerable advantage in the Pacific. Moreover, the fortification of the Japanese mandates, the seizure of Manchuria, and the threatened closing of the "open door" in Manchoukuo are flagrant violations of the bargain which was struck at the Washington naval conference. To yield to Tokio's demand for the abolition of the quota system while leaving these other questions unsettled would constitute a tacit recognition of Japan's newly assumed hegemony in the Far East, and strengthen the hands of the military group within that country. Although it might reduce the immediate causes of friction, it would leave an arrogant, unchastened jingoistic clique in control of one of the most powerful military and naval machines to be found in the world today.

Yet if the London conversations collapse without any prospect of agreement, the outlook can scarcely be said to be more encouraging. The Japanese government would probably abrogate the Washington naval treaty almost immediately, and thus prepare the way for a period of unrestricted naval competition. And while it may be argued that the United States is in a better position to indulge in an armament race than Japan, such a contest would not fail to accentuate the existing tension between the two nations, as well as to impose a serious financial burden upon both the American and the Japanese people. Just how heavy the burden would be is of course impossible to foretell, for once nations are caught in the vicious circle of competitive armaments, there is literally no end short of catastrophe. Even with the large savings resulting from the Washington and London agreements, Japanese naval expenditures increased from 229,000,000 yen in 1925 to 488,000,000 yen in 1934-35, while those of the United States rose from $346,000,000 to an estimated $480,000,000 for the current fiscal year, and beginning with 1936 the Vinson bill will add approximately $100,000,000 annually to the American naval expenditures.

As a solution of this dilemma it has been suggested that the United States enter into a bargain with Japan whereby we withdraw our opposition to Japanese political aspirations in China in exchange for substantial concessions on naval armaments. At first sight this suggestion is tempting. The non-recognition of Manchoukuo has had little or no effect in checking Japanese aggression, and the American people have no desire to see themselves involved in serious difficulties protecting the "right" of the Standard Oil Company to exploit the Chinese people. The real issues, however, lie much deeper. Our non-recognition policy was not adopted to check immediate Japanese aggression, but to prevent Japan from permanently enjoying the fruits of ill-gotten gains while also enjoying the prestige and position of a civilized nation in its international political relationships. Abandonment of that policy at the present moment would be construed not only as an implicit sanction of forceful seizure of Chinese territory, but as a blow at the very basis of international law.

What is needed is not so much a compromise as a wholly new orientation of our naval policy. Heretofore our policy, like that of Japan, has been based on the dictates of empire. We have sought, though ineffectually, to maintain a navy which would enable us to preserve our vested interests in the Far East and, if necessary, to extend them. And though we may dislike to admit it, this policy has proved a failure. Military experts agree that in view of our lack of naval bases our Far Eastern possessions could not be defended with a navy double the size of the present one. The only alternative, therefore, is for the United States to abandon its present conception of naval policy and look upon the navy solely as a weapon for defending American soil. If this principle were adopted, the United States would be in a position to make a proposal which would meet Japan's desire for prestige and yet at the same time preserve our defensive position in the Pacific. The following three points have been suggested by a responsible authority as the basis for such a proposal: (1) that the present battleship holiday be extended for five years, after which it might be possible to abolish the battleship outright, (2) that the nations agree not to lay down any new category of vessel, such as the German pocket battleship, but to confine new construction to the existing types of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines; (3) that the United States and Great Britain assent to the principle of defensive equality for Japan, but with the understanding that approximately the present tonnage be maintained by all the Powers, on the theory that it is adequate for the protection of existing national interests. This would remove any stigma of inferiority as far as Japan is concerned and would give it ample security against attack, even by the combined forces of the United States and Great Britain. But in no sense could it be interpreted as approval of Japan's dream of empire.

Worse than the Sweatshop

IN 1883 the International Cigar Makers' Union forced through a law prohibiting the sweatshop in the cigar-making industry. Eleven years later the first New York State law for the general control and partial elimination of the sweatshop was passed, largely as the result of pressure by the well-organized men's clothing workers, but after considerable public education on the filth, disease, overcrowding, long hours, and low wages which the sweatshop provided for the benefit of its own workers and a consuming public. To be brief, in the intervening fifty years, while public-spirited citizens were congratulating themselves on the elimination of one of the worst evils in industry, the dishonored sweatshop has, in truth, disappeared, to be replaced by the even worse evil of home work, now firmly intrenched in industry and so far not appreciably shaken by the codes which have attempted to regulate or abolish it.

An admirable study made recently by Rose Feld for the Consumers' League shows that thousands of workers in the United States, mostly women and children, are engaged in

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home work at wages and under working conditions that would be highly shocking to the buyers of the hand-made articles they turn out if the facts could be widely published: the same old filth and disease in the unregulated and almost uninspected tenements, together with a new element afforded by home work done in small rural communities, mostly by foreign-born workers with extremely low standards of cleanliness and sanitation; hours up to anything you like, since they are entirely unregulated; and wages from five cents an hour up to something like ten or twelve—with the added fact that as a result of these below-subsistence wages, families working long hours on piece work at home are often recipients of public relief. Children of from six years of age up find employment in certain home-work industries, either as helpers for their mothers or in the performance of some simple process—pasting flower petals, for example. As an example of the wages paid in the home-work industries, the Consumers' League reports the figures of a leading manufacturer who has 10,000 home workers on call, of whom about 3,000 are at present employed. His wage bill averages $125,000 a year. It is estimated that in one branch of the hand-knitting industry about 100,000 workers are employed knitting berets, for which the pay has been as little as three cents an hour. The State Labor Department reports an average wage for this work of six and a half cents an hour.

It will at once be asked what the NRA codes have done to control or prohibit labor of this sort. Of the 600-odd codes already adopted, some 120 are concerned with the question. Of these 80 definitely prohibit home work; others regulate it. In general these codes are simply not being enforced. Manufacturers are within the law when they send out their work to be processed in Puerto Rico, for example, where the prevailing wage is something like twenty cents a day and working conditions almost too horrible to contemplate. Work is sent into rural districts in the United States, where it is practically impossible, under the existing laws, to see that it is done according to the code rules. Home workers in rural districts know nothing of the wages insured to factory labor by law; home workers in the large cities are usually foreigners at the mercy of the boss who parcels out the work and pays them the miserable pittance they eagerly receive for it. Manufacturers are already establishing home-work agencies in Puerto Rico, in the face of a threat of enforcement of the codes. They can pay the increased costs of transportation both ways, of loss of time and possible loss of style, of additional agents, and of insurance and freight, and still find it cheaper than to manufacture the garments in New York or other American industrial centers —despite the meager wages paid here for similar work.

It is obvious that if these facts were generally known to consumers they would hesitate to purchase articles made at such a human cost both to the workers and to themselves as buyers. For articles made in dirty homes, with the presence of contagious disease all too likely, are not pleasant to contemplate, even if they are cheap. It is obvious that more stringent legislation must be passed, and that, owing to the impossibility of effective control, home work in the United States should be abolished by law. But while consumer pressure is important, and while every effort should be made to force through the proper legislation, the home-work evil, like the sweatshop evil, can be rooted out only through the mass pressure of organized labor.

Elmer Rice and the Critics

WHEN Elmer Rice recently produced his political melodrama "Judgment Day," some observers described it as "intemperate." So, replied the author, were the works of Aeschylus, and for the moment the honors seemed even. More recently in a speech at Columbia University Mr. Rice indulged himself in the playwright's favorite sport of critic-baiting and indulged with such abandon that the impartial observer begins to suspect him of being capable of a more than Aeschylean intemperance. According to one report he characterized the New York dramatic critics as "nitwits, drunkards, and degenerates." Not one "knows anything about the problems of acting and directing." Out of fifteen, no more than three or four have "some degree of sensitivity." Two or three are stupid but honest; the rest are typified by "a senile drunkard, a professional keyhole peeper, a half-witted degenerate."

To Mr. Rice's credit it must be admitted that he expressed no very high opinion of the professional critics even in the days when "Street Scene" was being warmly praised, but it is hard not to suppose that the new low he has reached in his estimation of the fraternity has something to do with the fact that his three most recent plays, "We, the People," "Judgment Day," and "Between Two Worlds," got a far from enthusiastic press. We can understand his irritation but we should like to point out that it is not entirely consistent with his position as the avowed enemy of that theater in which the critics have had their education. Mr. Rice's recent plays are all based upon the assumption that contemporary society as a whole is hopelessly rotten. If they had been too enthusiastically received by the critics who represent it, his thesis would have been measurably weakened, and if he really thinks the plays good he ought to be pleased to have Broadway reject them, since only thus can it prove him right.

Seriously, however, we doubt the implication that these plays were damned with faint praise only because they were radical in tone. After all "Stevedore" got some very favorable notices when it was produced by the Theater Union, and "Stevedore" is at least as revolutionary as any of Mr. Rice's plays. Whether the critics were right or wrong they have recently been unkind to Mr. Rice more because they did not think his plays very good of their kind than because they did not like the kind. Moreover, Mr. Rice should consider the fact before he carries out his announced threat to "quit the loathed stage" and to interest himself only in the amateur theater, which can be free of the show business. Amateurism has its dangers also, and Mr. Rice, being his own producer and director, is suffering from the effects of one of them. There is something to be said for the standards of professionalism, which may often be stupid but which are quite as often sound. The amateur theater is too likely to put up with what is not quite good enough, and Mr. Rice, for all his talents is like everybody else in his need to be held to his best. He may turn amateur if he likes, but we have an idea that if he would stop producing his own plays and try disposing of them to commercial managers again he might write others as good as "Street Scene."

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Issues and Men

Pray for Mr. Roosevelt

IF ever a man needed the prayers of his friends it is Franklin Roosevelt. No one could receive the greatest tribute of approval ever bestowed upon an American by his fellow-countrymen without being deeply moved and almost overwhelmed by a sense of the responsibility thus put on him. Nature has endowed him with an extraordinarily fortunate temperament which has enabled him to keep calm and serene in a crisis of our country's affairs which would have robbed most men of sleep. Some people have argued that this has indicated a superficial nature; if this were true, which I deny, it might still be something to be thankful for under the existing circumstances. But now surely he must feel profoundly stirred by this overwhelming evidence of his countrymen's confidence in him. More than ever now he needs the prayers of his friends that his health and strength may be preserved, that his head will not be turned by the people's unprecedented approval of the New Deal. He needs their prayers that he may display the great wisdom called for by this imposition on him of the entire responsibility for the future of the country; that is what the election means. No one can deny that the electorate chose men for Congress, with only a few exceptions, according to how they stood toward the New Deal. If it was a vote also against the old deal, it was none the less a vote of instruction to the President to go ahead as he pleases, and he may so interpret it.

What must impress the President even more is the fact that on its face the election seemed extraordinarily apathetic, outside of three or four States, like California, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, where outspoken political rebellion was under way. In numerous instances registration was low. There were few demonstrations of popular interest. The election crowd in the heart of New York when the returns were coming in was the smallest in many years, as I saw for myself. Not a single horn was blown, and no one cheered as the news of the landslide was thrown upon the bulletin boards. There were so many idle police that it was ridiculous. The newsstands were heaped with early election extras and nobody bought them. Obviously the electorate had thought the whole thing out, decided long ago what it intended to do, and then had to a considerable degree dismissed the election from its mind as an accomplished fact. It was a great demonstration of Democracy triumphant again. I know that many people think that the election was bought by large government expenditures, but that in the main is absurd. There was a deep, quiet current of public sentiment; it made itself felt in one of the most orderly elections in our history.

The more Mr. Roosevelt contemplates this, the more deeply he must be moved. He will have his hands full controlling the tremendous majorities in House and Senate. If he dominates them by the strength of his will, by reference to this election, and through his impregnable strategic position, he will be charged with being a tyrant and dictator. If he yields to them too much, it will be said that he is toadying to them and playing politics. Some of the members will come to Washington radically inclined, devoted either to particular isms, such as unsound money, or bent, like Senator-elect Bilbo of Mississippi, in his words, upon raising hell—without any worth-while economic program, or any plan at all. The President will have to work out a program comprising many constructive proposals to offer Congress as soon as it meets in the hope of getting it out of the way as soon as possible. He will probably be faced again with a revolt over the bonus. There will have to be tremendous appropriations, and if there is no marked economic recovery before spring, enormous sums must be voted for relief and public works. Then there is the whole question of what phases of the NIRA are to be made permanent, since that act expires by limitation within the next few months. There is the problem of social reform opening up before him; insurance against unemployment and old age will not be enough. It is in his hands to shape the development of the country for at least fifty years. Will he do it step by step as the situation develops, or will he come out boldly for a clear-cut program?

The vistas of usefulness that open up before him must be endless. Take the civil service alone. Here he can make over the country's governmental machine by transferring all the offices, with few exceptions, to the classified service. Speaking at Yale University on June 20, when an honorary degree was conferred upon him, he said that today more than ever before we are "calling upon trained people for tasks that require trained people," and added that he couldn't tell "the party affiliation of probably the majority of people holding responsibilities in Washington." Very well, but here is his chance to give us a trained civil service comparable to that of England, and to the best of what is left in Germany. It is within his power to put an end once and for all to playing politics with offices, which his own Mr. Farley has been doing on so large a scale, with such success. Heaven knows Mr. Roosevelt does not need to play any politics. No President ever had a freer hand. His reelection is as certain today as if the ballots had been counted two years hence. Indeed, if he does some of the things that it is possible for him to do, his nomination may even be made by unanimous consent—certainly the mustered-out Republican Party is unable to offer any opposition, or to suggest any man whose candidacy against him would not be ludicrous.

I do not deny that much may happen in two years, that to an extent Mr. Roosevelt's fate is bound up with economic success and the decrease of unemployment. But as it will take something like an earthquake to upset his regime, he can now without real opposition buckle down to the great task of domestic reconstruction and of helping to bring order out of chaos in the world outside. He has it in his power to write his name in far larger letters in American history than those of any other peace-time President.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Issues Before the New Congress

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, November 12

THE election marks the end of building storm cellars. Now begins some permanent construction. So far Washington has lived under hurricane signals. There has not been time to look ahead, and the sketchy philosophy of the New Deal has had to be read from the actions of an extrovert Administration. The President has not said: "I believe thus and so, hence I do thus and so." He has acted in an emergency; the country has had to judge his beliefs in retrospect. He has had attitudes and inclinations which his speeches stated. But he has not revealed many coherent, ripely matured plans for modifying the social structure of America. The nearest approach to basic change has been in the power projects of the TVA and parallel schemes. Everything else has been avowedly improvisation.

Congress, meeting on January 3, begins life of a new character. It must make decisions on two fundamental questions, adding two concepts to our permanent national equipment: social security, and an enduring NRA. Either of these issues merits the exclusive attention of Congress for at least a year. It must formulate what is meant by social security. Is unemployment insurance to be grafted on to the capitalist system as in England, or shall America decide instead to go in for permanent public works, creating employment rather than paying relief? If so, shall industry still be taxed for temporary unemployment benefits, say, on the Wisconsin plan?

This is only one chapter of the problem. What form shall be given to the relief for widows and their minor dependents, and for the aged? Who shall pay it, and how? Who shall administer it? A third chapter is insurance for the ill. Shall this be on a contributory basis, involving the partial socialization of the medical profession, or shall there be an extension of publicly supported institutions where everyone receives the best of care irrespective of income?

Debates on such questions should be going on in every meeting place in the country. It is hardly a year since the word "dole" was anathema to most Americans. The spectacle of the vast army of the unemployed has changed opinions somewhat, and probably most people now grudgingly admit that some form of protection is desirable. But what sort? Few have stopped to think about it. Yet Congress must rush through a federal bill more important in its implications than most constitutional amendments since the Bill of Rights, and be done with it in time for the State legislatures to add their concurrence before they adjourn in the spring.

This legislation alone will make the Congress of 1935 one of historic importance. Only less significant is the permanent form to be given to the NRA. The Administration obviously has the strength to add the codes to the list of American institutions, and intends to do so. Here an overwhelmingly important debate is to be expected. It too will be hurried; the act creating the NRA expires on June 16.

Congress will have to make two grave decisions about the NRA. It must decide whether to create a balance of power between management and labor, and whether the codes are to be a form of self-government for industry or a form of government supervision over industry. These are far more important questions than the commonly cited issues of controlled production and prices, for they directly concern the power of a small minority over the rest of the community. A permanent NRA in which labor does not have equal weight with management will perpetuate an existing economic oligarchy, and may shut off all possibility of developing a sound labor movement in this country, a doleful prospect for those who believe in democracy. A system of codes which gives self-government rather than government supervision to industry is certain to increase monopoly and to end with the defenselessness of the consumer, also a defeat for democracy. When Congress has decided these two points, it will be possible to say whether the United States has reaffirmed its original democratic faith or whether it is going the way of the continent of Europe in giving industry a throttle-hold on the economic future.

The creation of the NRA was the big item of the last Congress. Since then a full emotional cycle has ended. It reached its height in the parading period of 1933 and the exhilarating scenes of General Johnson cracking down on hitherto invulnerable captains of industry. The end came with the disappearance from the stage of the deflated general a few weeks ago. Now a new board is in the saddle, a quiet, unobtrusive body which is making a little headway in giving the codes some social meaning. But the public is weary of the NRA, and has not heard much about the new board, or examined its recent decisions, or discussed the future. Congress too will not be anything like so worked up over the NRA which is to be permanent as it was over the NRA which was to last only two years. It may not even know that genuine industrial democracy is in the balance.

It ought to be incredible that Congress should be asked to do more than make these two long-term decisions in six months. But more will be asked of it. The list of immediate issues is longer than usual, and quite as important as the program before most sessions in the past.

First comes expenditure, particularly for relief. Whatever the decision as to economic security, the certainty is that anything up to a quarter of the population will be destitute for a great part of the coming year and must be provided for. Money must be appropriated, and must be raised either by borrowing or by new taxation. Congress, everyone says, will be radical, and by radical is not meant that it will have a radical philosophy but that it will be unorthodox in money matters. It will wish to spend freely, and it will favor inflationary methods. Harry Hopkins will get his appropriations—that is not the problem. The problem is how much financial integrity the Administration can maintain in the face of Congress.

Another immediate spending measure is the President's recently announced housing project. There is to be some appropriation in any case, but it is to be on a really big scale if there is no business revival by late spring. The budget will be ready by the end of December, and it will be brought as

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close to a balance as conditions permit, another way of saying it will not balance. Congress will not be shocked by this. It will sign any blank check the President lays before it. But the relatively manageable deficit in December can become much larger by June, if a huge spending program becomes necessary. There are no signs whatever that the President is planning a "social" budget, in which persons with large incomes would pay a much larger share of emergency outlays. Nor is there any hope that Congress will force the Administration to become socially minded when it comes to taxing the rich. Congress prefers the capital levy via inflation.

This sentiment will focus early in the session on the fight over the bonus. Senator Key Pittman, of all persons, is pledged to introduce this measure, his financial acumen having been blunted by the fear of defeat in his campaign. The President would veto the bonus, but his majority, too large to be manageable, may overrule him. The bonus will be only one of the inflationist measures. Monetary projects will rise from this Congress with embarrassing persistence, and the President may live to rue the absence of a sober conservative minority to help keep his "wild men" in check.

The thirty-hour-week bill is an independent measure certain of full discussion. The American Federation of Labor is pledged to it, and may have lined up enough votes for its passage. The fear of the thirty-hour week was the motive power which drove business to devise the NRA last year. This year it could be used to bring genuine concessions for labor in drafting permanent NRA legislation. The Wagner bill of last session, with its charter for labor, also is due for reappearance and may prove the medium by which the rights of collective bargaining get legal definition and sanction. Here again are fundamental measures deserving of much fuller examination than they are likely to get. A fight to repeal the Bankhead cotton act will take up a substantial amount of time. So will the amendments asked by the AAA which failed to pass the last session.

Banking legislation will not be as exciting a theme as appeared inevitable a few weeks ago. The Administration, in keeping with its pledge to the bankers, will not press for a central bank and will discourage the natural inclinations of Congress toward it. Banking bills, however, will have to be taken up during the session, notably one to give permanent form to the deposit-insurance scheme, and another to reduce the number of bank examinations.

Special legislation arising from the Morro Castle disaster is certain. So is the reappearance of the St. Lawrence treaty, which has a better chance of ratification in the new Senate. The big-navy people will wish to speed up construction after the poor results of the London conference. The subject of railroad reconstruction will come up, and the creation of a Ministry of Transport. All these matters will arouse wide interest, and will compete with the rest of the program for the limited amount of time.

The session which begins January 3 can be prolonged indefinitely. But the tradition of an adjournment in midsummer will be hard to overcome. The President is much happier with Congress away. The Congressmen themselves will begin to wilt in the hot June days. Six months probably is all the time that will be given to this imposing program. Other countries hold the records for speed in the air and on land, but Congress seems to be set to beat the world in doing big things in the shortest order.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

War Germs in the Danube Basin

II. Constitutional Problems in the Victor States

By OSCAR JASZI

LAST week I discussed the economic and political status of the vanquished states made by the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Turning now to the victor states—Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia—I may say that if the vanquished group is handicapped by its loss of territory and wealth, many of the troubles of this second group emanate from an *embarras de richesse*. They are confronted with the difficulty of organizing enormous resources without the necessary moral and intellectual competence.

Among all the succession states the position of the Czecho-Slovakian republic is unique. It is the only one which has been able to establish a democracy of the Western type. Its constitution, based on the English and French model, is not a show window but a reality. The nation is largely composed of small farmers and petty bourgeois, but has a strong intellectual upper middle class which is by far the ablest and most constructive in the whole Danube basin. All these groups believe sincerely in the gospel of Western democracy, while the feudal remnants in the country are of alien origin. Though the great majority of the population is Catholic, there is no other country in Europe in which anti-clericalism and free thinking are so strong. The spirit of Huss is still alive, and it is not an accident that the new state found a symbolical expression in the personality of the grand old man, Masaryk.

I do not wish to convey the idea that the principles of Masaryk have been truly carried out and that Czecho-Slovakia is a model democracy. But the leading Czech intellectuals have been deeply affected by democratic and pacifist ideals and they are supported by the majority of the population. At the present time there is no prospect of fascism, though certain elements favor it. Only growing international dissension and an increasing disintegration of Europe could make it a serious threat.

Unfortunately, however, the new state rests on unstable foundations. It was built on two antagonistic principles—the

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ethnological principle by which Hungary was dismembered, and the historical principle by which the right of the German minority to unite with Germany was denied. The great problem of the republic is therefore to combine several national-minority groups and two regionally conscious territories, Slovakia and Carpatho-Russia, in a common loyalty to the state and in a common love of democratic institutions. The best leaders of the republic realize the importance of the task, but its difficulties are enormous. Surrounded by Magyar revisionism, by an aggressive Nazism, by Austrian Hapsburgism, by powerful Bolshevik propaganda, and by the scarcely hidden antipathy of its haughty Polish brethren, the democratic republic is in a dangerous position. Faced by the increasingly strong-arm methods of its enemies, it has been increasingly compelled to restrict political liberties. Not only are Communists strictly guarded and the German National Socialists dissolved as a party, but there is also a growing tendency to control the press and to spy on activities which are regarded as dangerous.

Great divergences of culture, language, and historical tradition exist in the young republic. Slovakia and Carpatho-Russia have always been outside the historic Czech countries and in a closer relationship with Hungary. The new state accepted the obligation to give autonomy to Carpatho-Russia, and according to the solemn promise of Dr. Benes, this will soon be done. Two-thirds of the population in this region is Ruthenian, a kindred race to the Czechs but speaking a distinct dialect and following the Orthodox creed. It was the most backward part of the old Hungary, had a high percentage of illiteracy, and was strangled by the system of latifundia and Magyarization. The promised autonomy will be a difficult transition for a population without any traditional culture or political experience, living side by side with far more highly developed Magyar and Jewish minorities. The good-will and energy of the present government cannot be denied. Illiteracy has been considerably diminished, and many new schools have been established for the Ruthenian population. There is now a real fermentation of ideas among the formerly inert masses. But there is no immediate danger of a constitutional crisis, for the country is still immature, the middle classes are weak, and the Czech administration can easily overcome the effects of possible Communist or Ukrainian propaganda.

Far more urgent is the problem of Slovak autonomy, which was promised in the Pittsburg agreement of 1917 and ratified by President Masaryk in 1918. This promise has not been fulfilled, and the influential party of Hlinka, a staunch Slovak patriot formerly imprisoned by the Magyars, still presses the claim of Slovak autonomy. Though their language is almost the same as that of the Czechs, and though the republic was established with their hearty cooperation, the Slovaks possess a distinct national individuality. The Czechs are skeptics and rationalists; the Slovaks ardent Catholics. The Czechs are highly efficient business men and meticulous bureaucrats; the Slovaks are dreamers and inclined to mysticism. The Czechs are born democrats, whereas the Slovak intellectuals imitate the social standards of the Magyar gentry, the former rulers of Slovakia. They like leisure, political intrigue, dancing and singing, and do not take readily to democracy. With this difference in tradition and nature, cooperation between the two ruling races has been difficult.

To the accusations of Slovak separatists that Slovakia has become a Czech colony, the Czechs, supported by the most able Slovak leaders and the majority of the Slovaks in parliament, answer that the "colonization" was absolutely necessary: Slovak intellectuals were lacking in the beginning; Slovakia was economically too weak to maintain a real autonomy; the Slovaks have a vital interest in participating in the government of the whole country and not only in that of Slovakia. What is needed, therefore, for the best interests of the Slovaks, is not political separation but enhanced political and cultural maturity and a reasonable decentralization of the administration.

My impression is that Slovak separatism has considerably diminished in the last years; that it has not a clear political program; that the people, in consequence of Magyar domination, never developed as much historic individuality in opposition to the Czechs as did the Croats and Slovenes, for instance, in opposition to the Serbs. In any case it would be a mistake to interpret the movement in terms of Magyar irredentism. On the contrary, Slovak intolerance toward Magyars and Jews is far more acute than that of the Czechs. My belief is that the Slovak problem will not be solved by separatism, but by decentralization and the participation of the new Slovak generation in public affairs.

Originally a small kingdom, Rumania has become a large state with immense material resources; it comprises many nationalities, and at least four of its new provinces—Transylvania, the Banat and other former Hungarian territories, Bukovina, and Bessarabia—have a distinct regional life of their own. These territories vary greatly in tradition and culture, two of them at least surpassing the level of the mother country, the old Regat. The antagonism between the Roman and Byzantine civilizations, the fundamental problem in Jugoslavia, also plays a considerable role in this country. The newly acquired territories, now infected by a wave of Byzantine corruption, had a cleaner and more efficient administration under Hungarian and Austrian rule. Yet at present, owing to the complete cultural unity of the Rumanian people, no regional constitutional problem of importance presents itself. Even the most advanced of these provinces, Transylvania, was unable to develop a national cultural life of its own under the repressive measures of Magyar domination. At the beginning of the new era when Rumania embarked on a policy of complete centralization, and when the Transylvanian leaders felt themselves dominated by the politicians of the Regat, a certain regional feeling arose, and Mr. Vajda-Voevod made popular the slogan "Transylvania for the Transylvanians." But this feeling soon disappeared, and the two great Rumanian parties, the Liberals and the National Peasant Party, carried on their political campaigns throughout the country without regional distinction. This was a severe blow to Magyar irredentism, which believed that local patriotism in Transylvania would greatly increase the chances of its return to Hungary. As the tension in Rumanian relations with the Soviets has diminished as a result of the rapprochement of Russia and the Little Entente, the regional consciousness of Bessarabia has also declined.

Untroubled by serious regional problems, Rumania was in a favorable position to apply its energies to the task of internal consolidation. Internal stability is threatened, however, by a serious conflict between the king and the parliamen-

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tary system. Nominally Rumania is a constitutional monarchy with universal suffrage and the secret ballot. In reality any party leader whom the king nominates as Prime Minister can get a majority through corrupt electioneering practices. Only twice in the history of Rumanian constitutionalism has public opinion been sufficiently strong to force elections upon the crown. But now agrarian reform, experience with free elections, and the growing menace of fascism are making the critics of the system more and more impatient. Furthermore, the personal influence of Mme Lupescu, the mistress of the king, is regarded as highly pernicious by many sincere and independent men. Offended bourgeois morality, colored by an anti-Semitic bias, has a part in this feeling, but it also is widely asserted that some of Mme Lupescu's confidants have developed a rather doubtful business activity.

The situation is further aggravated by the facts that anti-Semitism is widespread and that a strong fascist organization exists in the Iron Guard, led by the young, emotional, picturesque, and naive Corneliu Codreanu, who has created a national mysticism very much like Hitler's. The Iron Guard is an army of jobless intellectuals who lead a motley crowd of ruined peasants and petty bourgeois. They hate democracy and summon the king to assume personal leadership, with the aid of the army and the new elite of the fascists. The strength of this movement is found in the political structure of the country. Whereas both the peasantry and the plutocracy are organized in the two powerful parties, the National Peasant Party and the Liberal Party, the middle classes, the intellectuals, and the workers are unorganized and helpless. Since the industrial workers are few in number, the chief victims of this system are the middle classes. In other countries the government service to an extent takes care of the surplus intellectuals, but in Rumania the number of state officials and pensioners is smaller than in Hungary, though the population of Rumania is double that of Hungary. This explains why the two leading political parties joined in a united front last July when the danger of a fascist dictatorship seemed imminent.

For the present, at least, the king has discarded the idea of a dictatorship. He is opposed only to the "inflation of the parliamentary system." His intention seems to be to bring about a disintegration of the old parties and to form a new governmental party from the more obedient elements of the two, a party which would serve as the constitutional organ of the *camarilla*. Such an experiment might lead to serious consequences.

The gravest and most imminent constitutional crisis in the Balkans is faced by Jugoslavia. Thus far the old kingdom of Serbia has not been able to establish a workable cooperation with its newly acquired territories, especially with Croatia, Slovenia, and the Vojvodina—not to mention the smaller and less important provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Macedonia. Croatia, Slovenia, and, to a certain extent the Vojvodina were Western in their cultural pattern. Even under Magyar domination, Croatia possessed a national life of its own, and Slovenia, under Austrian administration, produced a fine national culture. When the victorious Serbs, after the establishment of the new state of the "Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes," embarked upon a policy of unification and centralization, attempting to create a homogeneous national state, great indignation, particularly intense in Croatia, arose throughout the districts inhabited by the non-Serbian minorities. Owing to the growing resistance of the Croats under the leadership of the emotional but highly gifted Radic, the parliamentary system became virtually paralyzed. The regular parties were unable to offer a workable program for the country; Serbs and Croats were too different in temper, in religion, and in accepted social values. Moreover, the Serbs felt themselves to be the emancipators of the servile tribes who under Hapsburg domination had fought against the national cause. Political hatred grew continuously until the murder of Radic in parliament brought the situation to a head. There was a popular demand for the king to assume dictatorial power, even among those who today hate the dictatorship most. When the dictatorship came it was generally accepted, and was even indorsed by Radic before his death as the only way out of a hopeless deadlock. The general expectation was that it would be only temporary and that the king would give a new constitution to the country. Every dictatorship, however, has a tendency to perpetuate itself, and Jugoslavia has proved no exception.

The king and the dominant military circles sought to put an end to the various national movements and to create a unified national state. This effort was founded on the idea of Jugoslav unity—one country, one patriotism, one loyalty. Therefore the new regime wiped out the old political territorial divisions and made a purely geographical division of the whole country. All the old parties were dissolved. The dictatorship wished to create a united patriotic party, and even an opposition party must be "educated" in the spirit of the Jugoslav idea. No local autonomy is tolerated. Bureaucracy is extremely centralized. Liberty of press and of assembly is entirely suppressed.

I did not meet a single competent person outside the circle of the dictatorship who believed that this daring experiment would be successful. I give below the opinion of a non-politician, possibly the most eminent of Serb scholars:

> How could such an experiment be successful? Jugoslav unity can only be the work—cultural, economic, and artistic—of many generations. Jugoslav patriotism cannot be aroused by decree of a dictator as long as hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants feel themselves to be Croats, or Slovenes, or Dalmatians. It is a pity that the king, as a great soldier and patriot, cannot see the difference between federalism and confederation, and does not understand that what the various tribes wish is not the dismemberment of the state but its reorganization. Even a very radical Croat said to me, "We desire this state but not such a state." I am convinced that there is not a single irredentist movement worth mentioning in the Jugoslav state. Even now, when the dictatorship has so cruelly hurt regional feelings, I have no doubt that in case of war the king would find the whole nation a united front. There is not one serious Croat who would like to return to Hungary. I do not know a single serious Slovene who wishes to have the Hapsburgs back. Yet the present experiment is dangerous. It can lead to disaster within the country. Desire for autonomy was never so intense as it has been during these six years of dictatorship.

The shot at Marseilles was the result of this poisoned situation but of course no solution.

[*This is the second of a series of articles by Dr. Jaszi on the economic and political problems of the succession states. A third will appear in an early issue.*]

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Taxation in the New Social State

V. Local Finance

By PHILIP H. CORNICK

EACH of the forty-eight States seems to have at least two systems of local finance in operation; many States have more than two. In some of the older States there is what is entitled the general tax law, cited in practically all compendiums on the subject, although it is no longer general except in name. It is operative in all of its provisions only in rural areas if at all. Elsewhere throughout those States local finance is governed by special acts applicable to individual cities, to classes of cities or villages, or to urban communities as a whole.

Paralleling the general and special tax laws there are other acts controlling the financial operations of local governments in general or by more or less arbitrary classes—budget acts, bond acts, acts stipulating what expenditures may be made and what expenditures must be made. Under the systems in vogue in the several States—systems which frequently suffer from lack of internal coordination—the 160,000 overlapping units of government are spending ordinarily out of current revenues about one and a half times as much as the State and federal governments combined. To indicate the scale of local expenditures from borrowings, it is only necessary to say that before the federal government embarked on its program of depression borrowing, the local governments had debts outstanding which approximately equaled those of the federal and State governments in conjunction.

The entire fabric of local expenditures, furthermore, has in the course of years been welded in many States into a rigid structure by such devices as minimum tax levies for certain functions, maximum levies for others; maximum aggregate levies for all purposes (sometimes for single units of government, sometimes for all overlapping units within a given area); fixed pay scales for certain types of civil servants, and progressive pay scales for other types of civil servants.

To finance these expenditures, the laws provided, first, a loosely hung revenue system and, second, a loosely controlled system of borrowing, in both of which the valuations of property played an important part. Taxes on the capital value of property as indicated by market prices provided two-thirds or more of the current revenues. Ratios based on those capital values provided the legal limitations on the aggregate local debts which could be incurred. As property values increased, the limitations on revenues and on debts increased hand in hand; as they declined, those limitations declined similarly. Unfortunately, the debts already incurred could not be reduced at the same rate. Therein lies one of the major causes of the present financial stringency of local governments.

The items included in the property tax base vary widely from State to State and sometimes even from locality to locality within the same State. In at least one city in Pennsylvania the list of taxable properties includes only the full value of land and, in effect, one-half the value of buildings. In the rest of that State, as well as in New York, the list is restricted to lands and buildings, both taxable on full value. In other States the list includes such items of tangible personalty as the assessors can find; in still others, even stocks, bonds, mortgages, and other intangibles are also taxable on full value, in law if not in practice.

Judged by purely pragmatic tests, these diverse systems served their purpose reasonably well from about 1897 to 1929, while property values were generally advancing. In 1907, in 1913, and again in 1921 there were disquieting symptoms. Today thousands of local governments are in default on their bonded debt. Others have avoided default in that field only at the expense of not meeting current pay rolls. In many areas some essential local services have been eliminated and others drastically curtailed. While levies have tended to mount, revenue receipts have declined markedly. On the basis of these facts, each of them indisputable, a large and noisy segment of the general public is busily voicing the conclusion that the existing system of local finance has broken down and must be made over on a new pattern.

On the other hand, there are facts which would warrant conclusions diametrically opposed to this. For example, while it is true that a distressingly large number of cities have been forced to default on bond payments or pay rolls and to cut down on essential services, it is equally true that for every local unit in this group there are scores which have met every obligation as it fell due, and which have succeeded in retrenching in the costs of services without serious curtailment in the quality or quantity of the services rendered. In other words, while the existing systems of local finance in this country have nowhere escaped the effects of the world-wide financial stringency, they are in a state of collapse only in certain local areas.

It is significant, furthermore, that the local governments which are in direst distress are not distributed at random throughout the nation. Instead, they preponderate in certain fairly well-defined types of community and tend to concentrate in certain regions. Resort cities built on no firmer foundation than that of catering to the needs, whims, and weaknesses of tourists; satellite cities in the suburban fringes of metropolitan areas; farming counties which built rural highway systems on specifications suited to streets in congested cities; rural school districts which erected buildings of a type devised to meet the needs of densely populated urban areas; mushroom oil cities in the West; and here and there a great city prostrated by the almost complete paralysis of its overexpanded industries—these and other local governments of equally abnormal types have contributed defaults out of all proportion to their total number. Many of them were merely real-estate promotions. All of them suffered from temporarily inflated land prices out of all proportion to past, present, or probable future incomes.

Even in areas, however, where the local governments have succeeded in discharging faithfully and economically every obligation to citizens and creditors alike, the burden of taxation is painful, and the chorus of protest grows. Under

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competent leadership this protest might be used as a means to a much-needed simplification of the structure of local governments, to the reallocation of functions among federal, State, and local governments, and to the erection of an integrated tax system for federal, State, and local purposes. But leadership is absent. The checks and balances, the blurred lines of authority and responsibility within units of local government, and the conflicts of authority among overlapping units—all imposed from without—have made a career in municipal government singularly unattractive to able and high-minded citizens. In some of the State governments the situation is worse. When one party or faction at election after election places its candidate in the governor's chair, and the opposing party or faction just as consistently dominates both houses of the legislature, party responsibility becomes a memory, and party leadership a farce. To put the other side in a hole becomes the aim of political strategists.

Having looked vainly for leadership in that quarter, the people are turning to obscure, inexperienced, and often ignorant leaders. In State after State loosely drawn constitutional amendments providing for a rigid limitation of property taxes have been proposed by such men and adopted by overwhelming majorities. In Michigan and West Virginia local government in the larger cities would have been paralyzed if the courts had not found ways out of the dilemma created by such enactments. In Ohio a similar crisis impends. In other States comparable amendments are on the ballots. In California, before this is printed, the voters will have made their decision on a constitutional amendment designed to wipe out every existing tax and to substitute therefor a general tax on sales and transactions. In spite of its new-fangled name, the "syncrotax," this proposed substitute belongs in the category of taxes so aptly described by Edwin Cannan when he said that they were "well concealed from their ultimate payers by being administered in small doses wrapped up in prices."

In other sections relief for real estate has long been sought, not by tax limitation, but by the imposition of taxes on occupations in the guise of business licenses. The area within which they are being resorted to is steadily expanding. Almost half a century ago, in a book which has been out of print for so long that it has been forgotten even by its authors, Richard T. Ely and John Finley made a harsh but just appraisal of these taxes. "The license system may be fairly called medieval in its character. . . . It pushes the comparatively weaker elements and the industrially unfortunate down. . . . Licenses like many of ours remind me of taxation in the time of feudalism, when only those were taxed who were too weak to resist."

But while these misguided efforts at tax reform are in progress, the old property tax is showing sturdy qualities which even its few friends had not suspected. In cities of 30,000 and over, municipal revenue receipts as a whole declined from 1929 to 1932 (the last year for which comprehensive figures are available) 16 per cent. It is interesting, therefore, not to say amusing, to observe that the receipts from taxes on property declined only 11 per cent, and those from all other sources together 24 per cent. As the receipts from these other sources declined—including the receipts from municipal shares in State-administered taxes on sales and incomes—the levy on property had perforce to be increased. Fixed charges and the costs of providing local services essential to the public health, welfare, and safety cannot lightly be evaded. The conclusion is therefore inescapable that if the heterogeneous group of tax reformers which has stood for "broadening the tax base" had had its way, and if our municipalities during the period of prosperity had erected their revenue structure more largely on those other bases, they might well have faced a decline in revenue more serious than that which actually confronted them.

The reason for this state of affairs is not far to seek. The tax on property is an assessed tax. The valuation, at least, of real estate can be established by public officials on the basis of objective indices, and the rate of the tax is computed to meet revenue requirements. The taxpayer has the right to administrative review and of appeal to the courts, but when he has exhausted these remedies, the levy becomes effective. Taxes on sales and on incomes, on the other hand, are self-assessed taxes. The rates are established beforehand and are then applied by the taxpayer himself to the value of the base which he certifies in his return. While the public officials have a right of audit and review, the objective indices available for this purpose, in the overwhelming majority of instances, cover a very narrow range. The tax base, therefore, may fluctuate widely, not only because of a decline in sales or income, but also because of a decline in honesty. Honesty in all but a few exceptional individuals is probably too fragile a quality to survive the strains imposed by self-assessed taxes during a depression.

But the property tax has another quality which adds to its toughness. Once the tax has been levied, it remains a lien until paid. Under the first impact of the depression the collections of current taxes declined drastically, but a correspondingly large volume of receivables accumulated on the books. Some of these are wholly uncollectable, chiefly those outstanding on vacant lots for which there is no demand whatsoever either in the present or within a predictable future. The remainder will become cash receipts sooner or later. In one city which was on the verge of financial collapse less than a year ago the combined cash receipts in current and delinquent taxes this year have already reached a sum in excess of the current levy. Conditions in that city are probably not wholly unparalleled elsewhere, as the statistics should prove when they become available. Should cases of this nature be indicative, it is not too much to say that the most urgent need of American local finance in the immediate future is a cessation of attempts to cripple, by hampering limitations, the operations of the only important element in the existing tax system which has been sturdy enough to come back in the face of the depression.

For the more distant future other remedies are indicated. As one looks back over the checkered history of American local finance, three great crises stand out. These came in the periods following 1837, 1873, and 1929. Each had been preceded by almost insane booms in land prices, accompanied by lavish expenditures of public funds on improvements designed to serve the lands lying at the centers of most intense speculation. The last two of these booms, furthermore, were accentuated by the dislocations in the normal economy of the nation by the great wars which immediately preceded them, and by the methods used in financing them. Who shall say that these conjunctions came about by chance—that these wars and land booms were not the primary causes of the subsequent crises in local credit? The greatest

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obstacles in the way of stable systems of municipal finance would seem to be wars and speculation in land. How the first evil may be minimized will no doubt be adequately treated in an article later in this series. The elimination of the second lies within the scope of local finance itself. An adequate tax on land values will do it. Henry George outlined the method in his analysis of what happened after the collapse of 1873.

[*This is the fifth of a series of ten articles on taxation, planned and edited by Professor Paul Studenski. The sixth, on Educational Finance, by Professor John K. Norton of Teachers College, will appear in the issue of December 5.*]

Jersey Power Costs Too Much

By McALISTER COLEMAN

IN the hearing-room of the New Jersey Board of Public Utility Commissioners in Newark, where the rates of the Public Service Electric and Gas Company are on trial, a witness bends over a slide-rule. He makes some elaborate calculations, looks anxiously at the young lawyer for the people who is closing in on him, and then begins his answer.

"My weighted indices," says the witness in an impressive manner, "show that the variability of common and skilled labor in construction work in 1913—"

The reporters go out into the hall to smoke. In the rear of the room four or five spectators yawn, read newspapers, whisper hoarse comments.

Frank J. Reardon, appointed to the commission last winter over the heated protests of consumer groups, moves unhappily in his chair. "This is getting long and tedious," he protests. His fellow-commissioners, Thomas Hanson, Newark lawyer and former assemblyman, and Harry Bacharach, Mayor of Atlantic City, look at him with sympathetic amusement. They know. They have been at the grind for more than a year now.

And it has been a long, tedious grind, this hearing on the petition to reduce the electric rates of one of the most powerful utilities in the country. Yet behind the dull talk of weighted indices, kilowatts, rate bases, there is a story of compelling human interest and genuine drama, a story ignored for the most part by the almost incredibly reactionary press of New Jersey. Here, of course, is an underdog fight. Admitted that it is no great news when an underdog bites a utility these days, nevertheless this particular fight has set up repercussions sounding well beyond the confines of the hearing-room at Newark or the legislative chambers at Trenton. Consumer organizations and municipal officials in the East and the whole far-flung utility world have been watching the progress of the struggle with eager interest.

They are interested, in the first place, because the Public Service Electric and Gas Company serves 800,000 consumers in New Jersey's thickly settled sections, is affiliated with Coordinated Transport, which monopolizes a major part of the State's bus business, has as a holding company the Public Service Corporation, and is tied up with the United Gas Improvement of Philadelphia and beyond that with the United Corporation, the Morgan-Bonbright-Drexel utility investment trust; and in the second place because the hard-boiled attitude of Thomas N. McCarter, president of Public Service, in resisting even the most modest demands for regulation and rate reduction has so bucked up the faltering officials of utilities elsewhere that they have acknowledged his militant leadership by electing him president of the Edison Institute. This is the propagandist successor to the National Electric Light Association, conceived as press-poisoner by Samuel Insull, done to death by Senator George W. Norris and the Federal Trade Commission. If "good, old Tom McCarter," with rates 30 per cent higher than those in any other territory comparable to his Jersey domain, can hold the fort against the upsurging consumers, there is hope for the other members of what Amos Pinchot once called the "Kilowatt Klan." Thirdly, the fight of the consumers, with the Utility Users' Protective League in the vanguard, has been carried on with such intelligence and dogged courage as to set a standard for battles of this sort all across the country.

Now they come into the hearing-room, the principals in this struggle. Down one aisle march the officials of Public Service and their mercenaries, looking a lot more worried these crowded days than when this pesky business started. They seem all of them cut from the same gentlemanly pattern—suits of soft materials, pince-nez, alert ruddy faces under iron-gray or glistening white hair. Behind them come their clerks lugging great leather, document-jammed receptacles, briefcases of gigantic dimensions. Behind the clerks march the experts—the vice-president of a high-powered New York engineering firm, the dean of a Midwest university. Finally the lawyers.

Down the other aisle straggle the "self-constituted tribunes of the people," as Mr. McCarter has contemptuously termed them. There is the effervescent, eloquent John A. Matthews, known to the Jersey bar for his skill in handling divorce cases, to Jersey politicians for his unyielding persistence in debate when he was in the legislature, to Jersey consumers for his suavely savage cross-examination of McCarter whenever he has been able to lure that embattled magnate to the witness chair. Then came the Slaff brothers, keen, cynical young lawyers from New York, dangerous in their brilliant cross-examination of utility experts, their devastating analysis of the company's statistical alibis. Last down the aisle limps A. Raymond Travis, Jr., secretary of the Utility Users' League, at his side the bullet-headed, bespectacled, deep-lunged John Bauer of Montclair, expert for the people, bane of all extortionate rate-chargers.

Upon these last two the utility crowd cast glances of ill-concealed venom. They know, for they have taken pains to find out, that no one across the aisle, with the possible exception of Travis, has taken one penny for all the back-breaking work connected with the long presentation of the people's case for rate reductions. As for Travis, his is a ten-hour day, seven-day week, with dollar annual memberships in the league few and far between, a salary long overdue, the usual civic-organization deficit.

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They can understand the lawyers, these utility men. Matthews and the Slaffs have lively private practices. But how do Bauer and Travis do it? There is an enormous amount of statistical work awaiting Bauer when he gets home to Montclair after testifying that Public Service rates could be drastically reduced for the good of the consumer and, in the long run, the good of Public Service itself. He has a long-view engineering plan for power in New Jersey that he has been working over for many months. Travis has his detail work in his Paterson headquarters, his membership drives to supervise, his constant bombardment of the letter columns of the indifferent or actively hostile newspapers.

Considering the activities of these "tribunes," Public Service agents at first concluded that they must be in this thing for some sinister racketeering ends. This idea was soon dropped. Dr. Bauer's reputation as one of the few men in the country with a profound knowledge of rate-making who is invariably lined up with the consumers is too deeply rooted to be shaken by innuendo. Travis, who came into New Jersey at the request of a handful of harassed North Jersey Erie commuters, seemed at first a more likely mark. No one in Jersey knew much about him, save that he was a recent graduate of Syracuse University, that he had thrown up a job with a commercial concern to take on a knotty Westchester rate case, and that he was one of the most persuasive salesmen who ever insinuated himself through a doorway.

North Jersey soon had a chance to judge the mettle of this blue-eyed youngster who painfully drags feet crippled by infantile paralysis into the front of the firing line. In the Erie rate case he had hardly started his spade-work of distributing pamphlets to the commuters when he was hauled off to a Paterson police station by six irate railroad dicks and town constables. As soon as he was released, he went back to his post.

The Erie case got itself snarled up with legalistic procedure before the Interstate Commerce Commission. George Slaff wrote the brief for the consumers in that case and the commission is still pondering it. Travis, looking about for the next salient, came upon the widespread smoldering resentment against the high rates charged by Public Service for both gas and electricity. Everybody, it seemed, was sore. No one was doing anything about it. Travis decided that here was a sizable enough Goliath. He made a sling-shot in the shape of the Utility Users' League and went forth to battle. With the help of other consumer organizations he managed to prod a traditionally inert Public Utility Commission into listening to a plea for rate reductions.

Now Public Service has come to the startling, though belated, conclusion that this young upstart is in earnest, that he really isn't another racketeer out to blackmail a wealthy corporation. This was a most disconcerting discovery, as is evidenced by recent rather hectic statements of Mr. McCarter. In a pamphlet sent to all his consumers with the "compliments of Thomas N. McCarter," Jerseyites were told how fortunate they are to be able to obtain electricity at a starting rate of nine cents a kilowatt hour. In this document the statement was made that Public Service rates are hardly 1 per cent of the householder's budget. This was a slip, for on the heels of the pamphlet appeared advertisements in all the North Jersey papers pointing out that the average electric bill for domestic consumers was around $2.80 a month, or less than ten cents a day. On McCarter's own estimate, this would give Jerseyites an average income of $280 a month, or $3,360 a year, as Travis took pains to point out in his press releases.

In its publicity, paid for of course by the consumers (which is just as though we were all to rush out and send expensive and insulting comic valentines to ourselves), Public Service mutters darkly about "radicals." Yet Travis and Bauer and the rest have not even mentioned so mildly liberal a step as public ownership. They have made their issue on immediate rate reductions and do not want it confused. In fact, Travis is so far from radical that he shuns the activities of all Jersey left wingers.

Now, thanks to the work of a handful of devoted men and women, literally not more than ten, Jerseyites are beginning to understand what that nine-cent rate of Public Service means in terms of deprivation of cheap and abundant electricity. The Newark hearings, neglected by the press with the honorable exceptions of the Newark *Star-Eagle,* the Camden *Courier,* the Bergen *Evening Record,* and the Ridgewood *News,* have disclosed to the consumers a corporation wallowing in dividends at a time of deepest general economic distress, scaring a subservient legislature to the extent that a few soft-toothed bills for the regulation of the State's utilities were killed in committee last session, spreading its sinister influence to the highest places in the State. Candidates for the Assembly at this last election were questioned by the league as to their attitude on immediate rate reductions. For the first time in the thirty years of Public Service a sizable bloc goes to the next legislature pledged to fight for a slash in Public Service rates. Irrespective of what decision the commission may make in the present rate cases, even the Jersey worm may turn.

In the Driftway

THE other night the Drifter, a guest at dinner, was regaled first with fresh asparagus and finally with fresh raspberries. He is very fond of both, but he confesses to a feeling of guilt when he eats them in November. Not that this sort of thing has not become a commonplace: raspberries at Thanksgiving, strawberries at Christmas, green peas from New Year's to New Year's, and succulent stalks of asparagus while the winter winds are blowing. Lettuce and oranges all year round cause no surprise whatever any more, although when they first appeared well out of season there must have been a raised eyebrow or two. Yet the Drifter would respectfully remind most of his readers that they live in what used to be known as the Temperate Zone, which was formerly given to a period of warm weather called summer, followed by a period about twice as long (or so it seems) called winter, during which the only green plants visible to wind-reddened eyes are related to the pine family and have never been very useful as edibles.

* * * * *

THE Drifter can remember, a long time ago, the excitement generated in young children by the advent of the strawberry season. It began about the last week in May and ended with a great sunset of strawberry shortcake on the Fourth of July. Toward the end of it the peas were ripe—

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not to mention the fried chicken—and one could bear to part with them only because there were snap beans at the end of July and of course in August the Queen of the Garden, corn on the cob, to provide ample solace. Well, those days are gone forever. For North Temperate Zoners, only three of the more highly cherished fruits of the earth remain strangers except during those weeks when they ripen naturally in the neighborhood. They are the noble sweet corn, celebrated just above, the watermelon, and the Concord grape. Although he favors them almost above all others, the Drifter would not presume to say their superiority lay entirely in their coyness. But at least he hopes the day will never come when he can buy green corn in January or blue grapes in March. It would be, for him, the final betrayal of harvest time.

* * * * *

THIS eating of fruit out of place and out of season never seems more of a mistake than when an attempt is made to bring tropical fruit to a colder climate. Ripe figs eaten in Capri are a delight. The little green buttons sold on Bleecker Street for ripe figs are nothing more than a joke on the customer. The Drifter essayed a pomegranate the other day. It was a handsome mottled red outside. Inside its reddish seeds were merely numerous. They were not juicy nor had they any taste, yet in their native habitat they deserve all the poetical encomiums that have been bestowed upon them. About a week ago the Drifter sent a pumpkin and a winter squash to a New England friend of his unhappily domiciled in Virginia. The gifts were received with thanks and evidently eaten with relish, but the Drifter knew well enough that he did wrong to send them. In Virginia, if you must eat something orange-colored in November, you should bite into a persimmon. A pumpkin, and even more a yellow winter squash, should be cooked on a snappy, blustery day when the hills are quite clear and blue, except where the oaks color them red, and when the smell of leaves burning fills the air. And in Virginia, or so his New England friends tell him, you never feel or see or smell such things.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Fascism at Columbia

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As officers of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies, the only student organization seriously engaged in research in the Italian field, and as frequent readers of *The Nation*, may we be permitted to point out several gross errors in the article appearing anonymously in your issue of November 7, entitled Fascism at Columbia University.

The statement to the effect that "professors have the power of withholding higher degrees in their department from students who view contemporary Italy with an open mind" is without foundation. The Special Investigator, if we understand him correctly, wishes to intimate that higher degrees are withheld from candidates because of political beliefs. We have never heard of an instance of such arbitrary discrimination. On the contrary we, recipients of and candidates for higher degrees, have never been questioned as to our political sentiments, nor has Professor Bigongiari, whom your Special Investigator accuses of being a fascist propagandist, ever, to our knowledge, "sought to intrench fascist influences in the conduct of Italian studies."

Is it not preposterous to suppose that we, as American students of Italian culture, should be asked to subscribe to the tenets of a political system not of our own choosing? It so happens, in fact, that the Graduate Club of Italian Studies has among its members persons of various political convictions; and although we have agreed to exclude from our activities as an organization discussions of a political nature, it is nevertheless true that if your Special Investigator had consulted the members of this club personally he would have found militant liberals, anti-fascists, Socialists, new- and old-dealers, and perhaps, for all we know, Communists, D. A. R.'s, and staunch Hitlerites. The Casa Italiana is hardly an adequate arena for jousts between fascists and anti-fascists, any more than the Casa de las Españas is the place for the settlement of the differences between Monarchists, Communists, Separatists, and Republicans, or the Deutsches Haus the battleground for Hitlerites and Jews. If the respective house were to invite "student gatherings for the purpose of discussing aspects of the fascist," Republican, or Hitlerite rule, there would no longer be "a critical attitude of mind" but rather chaos and pandemonium. The purpose of the houses would be defeated and Morningside Heights would be turned into a bloody shambles. The point to remember is that these houses, in order to fulfil their function as cultural centers, must maintain amicable relations with the countries whose culture they are presenting, regardless of the political regime that happens to be in the saddle.

It may be of interest to you to know that the Graduate Club has been preparing for publication a series of papers on the subject of Italian nationalism. No investigator with honest intentions could possibly have remained in ignorance of the fact that the essays on D'Annunzio, Morasso, Corradini, and other nationalistic fanatics of the first quarter of the twentieth century (which, by the way, were prepared in Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes's history seminar) were written with a keen "critical attitude."

Our right to extend invitations to eminent men to speak to us, regardless of their political views, has never been denied. Three years ago we had the pleasure of having Professor Carlton Hayes of the History Department of Columbia open our series on Italian nationalism. This year we invited Professor Arthur Livingston to lead a series of discussions on Pareto. Furthermore, it may be of interest to know that it is part of our program for this year to invite Professor Gaetano Salvemini to speak on some phase of contemporary Italian history (and this not as an afterthought), as well as Professor Irwin Edman, of the Philosophy Department of Columbia, to open a new series of discussions on Italian philosophy with a lecture on Nationalism in Philosophy.

New York, November 3

FRANK A. RUSSO
ANTHONY M. GISOLFI
MARCEL F. GRILLI

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation* for November 7, in an article entitled Fascism at Columbia University, there is a reference to Mr. Leonard Covello, who is characterized as "a high-school principal serving as the henchman of the Casa fascist group in the city high-school system."

We, the undersigned chairmen of departments at the Benjamin Franklin High School, of which Mr. Covello is principal, believe this characterization to be a complete distortion of the actual facts in the case. Mr. Covello has never lent himself to political propagandizing at any time or in any place—least of all in the high-school system, where he enjoys a well-merited

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reputation for his liberal attitude in all matters pertaining to education. Some of the signers of this letter have known Mr. Covello for many years; one of them has been for almost two decades—and still is—his fellow-member in the Teachers' Union, an organization not particularly ardent in its defense of fascism, whether in Italy or at home.

As for Mr. Covello's work outside the school system, the most careful perusal of the list of articles published by the bureau of which he is the director, listed in Bulletin No. 6 of the organization, discloses not one single subject even remotely connected with political propaganda. Typical titles are "The Italian Child in the Children's Court," "The Italian and the Police," and "Health Among the Italians in New York City." In the September, 1934, issue of the *Atlantica,* Mr. Covello declared his belief that one of the major functions of the Educational Bureau is "to study the social life of the Italian and his adjustment to his new environment in the United States." We who know him as an idealist, as a man altogether opposed to dictatorial methods in his relations with his teachers and his pupils, know that he is incapable of spreading propaganda for fascism either within or outside the school system; we know that his work as director of the Educational Bureau of the Casa Italiana has been limited to the tasks indicated by his statement quoted above and by the nature of the bulletins issued by the bureau, among whose consultants are some of the outstanding liberals of the country.

WALTER H. WOLFF — BESSIE C. REDMOND
JACOB RUBENSTEIN — AUSTIN M. WORKS
HARRY LEVINE — HERBERT S. LEHMUTH
ANITA S. GIACOBBE

New York, November 4

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Although I have always responded to your advanced liberality with enthusiasm it was not until the publication of Fascism at Columbia University that I fully realized how splendidly loyal to ideals and righteously truthful you could be. The pet concern of mine that you discussed was the position of Professor Arthur Livingston. It has always seemed an injustice to me that a man of his caliber who is the leading authority on Da Ponte should not have been rewarded with the Da Ponte Professorship. With the Noble prize being awarded to Pirandello, Dr. Livingston again deserves recognition for introducing to us the famous Italian through inimitable translations. His forthcoming work on Pareto is eagerly awaited by his admirers and students. May I take this opportunity to thank you for revealing how this worthy scholar and inspiring teacher has been victimized, depreciated, and unrecognized by the authorities at Columbia.

New York, November 9 FANNY LANDORMY

[The letter printed above from the officers of the Graduate Club of Italian Studies made some astounding assertions. In denying that fascist influences are at work in the Italian Department and the Casa Italiana, it describes the wide variety of students who are members of the club and the wide variety of subjects on which members have written. Since this organization was not mentioned either in the original article in *The Nation* or in subsequent comment, these facts hardly seem relevant. What amazes us is the statement that if free political discussion were permitted in the Casa or in the other departmental houses, "chaos and pandemonium" would reign and "Morningside Heights would be turned into a bloody shambles." Do these students realize the implications of this statement? In the first place, it grants what was originally charged, that such discussion is impossible at the Casa. In the second place, it implies that repression at Columbia is the only alternative to violence. As for the second letter dealing with Mr. Covello, we can say that we have trustworthy support for the assertion that the speakers' division of the educational bureau under his direction has been an instrument of fascist propaganda among the Italian American population of New York. This fact does not necessarily detract from the excellent work in other directions that Mr. Covello's colleagues attribute to him.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Miss Herbst Does Not Object

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your reviewer of my novel "The Executioner Waits" is welcome to his point of view. I have no intention of quarreling with it, and it must be a consolation to live in a beautiful sensitive little world all one's very own. I don't even object to his attack, although it smells to high heaven of the unfairness and hysteria so characteristic of Hitler and his cohorts.

I do object, for the sake of those readers of *The Nation* who may still believe in its veracity, to deliberate misquotations from my novel. Naturally, your reviewer did not bother to read "Pity Is Not Enough," the first volume of the trilogy of which "The Executioner Waits" is the second. That might spoil his own pet ideas and might give him some clue to the pattern. It is only natural, too, that his sole selections from the text to prove his own predetermined notion of my method are from the characterization of two people who were intended to be the least sympathetic, and who do not even appear on more than five pages in the entire book.

I suggest, however, that you compare the bare bones of his misquotation (I will take only the first example given in his

HENRY GEORGE
—PROPHET

Though he wrote his famous essays upon
SOCIAL PROBLEMS

50 years ago, you will find astonishing correspondences and analogies with circumstances today. The *Problems* as he presented them with matchless eloquence and clarity are *still with us;* acute, threatening, unsolved—a challenge and a menace to religion, to democracy and to civilization. Handsome, new edition of this great book now available. Price ONE DOLLAR—Sent postpaid anywhere in the United States.

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review) with the original. His example (tending to show the "lack of emotion, the dead and gestureless living") is this:

> Mrs. Chance kept a sharp eye on her son. . . . Her son was living with a woman. Her skin from neck to feet seemed flooded with red at the idea. . . . The visions that came to her thick and fast tormented her. She took soda for heartburn.

What I wrote was as follows:

> Mrs. Chance kept a sharp eye on her son. Unknown to anyone she had quietly steamed open a letter from Victoria, had read amazing matter. Her son was living with a woman. Her skin from neck to feet seemed flooded with blood at the idea. Some bold person had imposed on her boy, had worked her very way into his life. He was foolish enough to be taken in, had forgotten the good bringing up, had forgotten everything for some woman's arms. The visions that came to her thick and fast tormented her. She took soda for heartburn, sat for hours in the chair by the window gripping the arms, looking out at a blank street. She had fought to keep him from marrying, now he had fallen into something blacker, deeper, more deadly. Sin. Lust. She had sense not to say a word, kept her secret, kissed her boy with a kind of repugnance, and let him go. It was no time to tell his father. Better to wait. But when her boy was gone, and she was alone in the house the maid's day out, she went around gathering up his things, his letters, his notes to her in school, his baby pictures, weeping terrible tears, and tying up bundles with shaking hands, locking the letters finally into a drawer of her desk together with the bottle of old whiskey that she had so often venomously and mysteriously accused Jonathan of having pilfered. When she came to a picture of herself as a young woman, with round sweet face and happy eyes, staring out eagerly at the future, she hid her face in her hands, sat a long time seeing as well as if she faced a mirror the discontent, the lines around her eyes, the proud and bitter mouth. And as if to restore her youth to her, she slipped the picture in with Jonathan's things, among those snapshots up north of the boy in the sand with his fair hair and dark eyes.

If it was your intention to give this review into the hands of someone ignorant of my work and antipathetic to it, you are to be congratulated on your success. You even found someone ignorant of life.

Erwinna, Pa., October 30 JOSEPHINE HERBST

Mr. Frank Enjoys a Satire

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Lionel Abel's satire in your issue of November 7 on a fervid American college freshman reviewing a serious book is so delicious, although perhaps a trifle overdone and unjust to our freshmen, that I am moved publicly to praise it. The piece is called Mr. Frank's Seriousness and pretends to be a "review" of "The Death and Birth of David Markand." The key to the joke, in case any chance dull reader should not have caught on beforehand, is at the end of the piece: ". . . every freshman in philosophy knows the fury to philosophize, and no one knows it better than the freshman."

Your satirist has indeed made a devastating show of where the fury to philosophize and to pontificate may lead the unequipped young man whom our lack of cultural standards permits to appear in print when what he needs—to speak intellectually, of course—is a nurse to change his diapers. I enjoyed this, for instance: "Mr. Frank is neither a Marxist nor a subscriber to the total Mind, to speak philosophically"—and the delightful conclusion therefrom, that "Mr. Frank is nothing," since no philosopher could ever possibly have been, or could ever conceivably be, anything except one or t'other. And this: "Apparently, in the genre of the 'serious,' reality plays a subsidiary role. 'But now the slave need not be other men: need not be ourselves, for other men are ourselves.' These words, coming from John Byrne, a revolutionary Marxist, ring false." What a parody on an ignorant group calling themselves the exclusive Marxists, who, having been taught to reject revealed religion, feel constrained to reject the Golden Rule, and who hence must decree that Byrne, a character in the novel supposedly under review, since he has turned the Golden Rule into modern English, cannot be a Marxist. And these: "Mr. Frank has no technique"; "Technical problems of the novelist's art he has simply ignored"—almost too fierce a caricature of the sort of nonsense which ignorance, encouraged, will utter.

My one criticism is that Mr. Abel's venom against the fatuity of his "freshman reviewer" is too bitter; so as to make me doubt whether Mr. Abel is as detached from the character of his "victim" as a good satirist should always be. But the piece is excellent. It exhibits, in less than two columns, many of the major evils—cocksureness, aesthetic dulness, emotional and intellectual superficiality—which endanger the maturity of young America.

New York, November 1 WALDO FRANK

The Safe Period

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Sanctified Birth Control, by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, in your September 26 issue was most timely. It gave a clear, concise, and scientific explanation of the difficulties one encounters in trying to determine a safe period for controlling conception.

I wish to add one point to the difficulty of determining the so-called safe period for control of conception. It has been definitely proved by physiologists that the spermatozoa retain their activity in the uterus and Fallopian tubes for some time after copulation. In the human being this activity may continue for from three days to one week, in some of the lower animals for a longer period. In bats copulation takes place in the fall of the year, the uterus retaining the spermatozoa in activity until the following spring, when ovulation takes place. From this one can observe that the calendar for the safe period would have to be changed to allow for the period of activity of the spermatozoa. Assuming that a woman is sterile during the first post-menstrual week, she would have to bear in mind that the implanted spermatozoa during that week may continue to be active through the days of ovulation and cause pregnancy.

Seattle, Wash., October 15 JOSEPH M. LANE, M.D.

Contributors to This Issue

OSCAR JASZI, professor of political economy at Oberlin College, was Minister of Nationalities in the Karolyi government of Hungary.

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DOUGLAS HASKELL was formerly assistant editor of the *Architectural Record*.

RUTH BENEDICT is the author of "Patterns of Culture."

IRWIN EDMAN is writing a book on St. Paul, to be entitled "The Mind of Paul."

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Labor and Industry

It Looks Like War

By JAMES RORTY

Toledo, November 8

WHEN the President made that speech asking for a six months' truce between capital and labor, I was driving through the coal towns of the Alleghenies. I looked for the truce, but the smoke and soot and the dirty shacks the miners live in got in my eyes. From time to time we picked up hitch-hikers and asked them about it. One of them was headed for New Kensington to join his father who had not been rehired after a strike in a mine near Uniontown. Maybe he would find a truce farther north—unless the blacklist caught up with him. In Aliquippa, where the Steel Corporation has a big plant, I found a kind of truce. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers was holding its meetings in Ambridge, across the river, because the Steel Corporation owned Aliquippa—all of it, including the forces of law and order. Aliquippa was peaceful. It was as quiet as the inside of an icebox.

Pittsburgh was peaceful too. Steel production in the Pittsburgh district was down to 17 per cent of capacity when I was there—it had dropped to 8 per cent two weeks before. Yes, things were pretty quiet around Pittsburgh. The hearings of the Steel Labor Board were as orderly as you please. The Duquesne local of the Amalgamated had asked the board to compel the Carnegie Steel Corporation to hold an election to determine whether or not the Amalgamated was to represent the workers for purposes of collective bargaining. Counsel for the corporation said the workers had already held an election and that 87 per cent of them had voted for the company union; hence there was no unrest in Duquesne, and neither the Amalgamated nor the government had any business on the premises.

Steel workers crowded the back part of the courtroom—Slavs, Poles, Italians, Negroes; heavy-set men with thick forearms and bleak, impassive faces. The eloquent counsel for the company union (paid by the company) consulted the records of the company union (furnished by a company-paid stenographer employed to take down every word spoken at their meetings) and proved that the company-union representatives had settled scores of complaints in favor of the men. Therefore there was no unrest among the Duquesne steel workers. I saw some of the steel workers smile wryly at this, but none spoke out of turn.

Later some of them took the stand. They proved that the Amalgamated had signed up a majority of the employees of the Duquesne plant. Objection by counsel for the corporation. Employees as of what date? Were they union members in good standing? It is a nice question. Is a union member who hasn't paid his dues because the company has given him only one, two, or three days of work a week, or who has been fired for union activity—is such a member entitled to participate in an election? What does the law say?

The Steel Corporation lawyers clicked and pounded with the precision of machines. Pale, hawk-like men; men of steel, but not steel workers. Implacable robot functionaries who had never come closer to an open-hearth furnace than the bookkeeping entries, red-ink entries these days, that prove everything is impossible: the plants can't be operated at a profit, they can't be closed without huge losses, wages can't be increased, a genuine union can't be permitted. They said the Duquesne workers were satisfied, that the company union was a thing of beauty, and what if it wasn't?—the government had no jurisdiction on the premises. Legal hocus-pocus. William J. Spang, speaking for the Duquesne local of the Amalgamated, was like a bear caught in a slimed fishnet. He did his best, but his men did better. No unrest? A tall Negro took the stand. Yes, he had seen plenty of unrest in Duquesne. He thumped his chest and his voice boomed:

"I got some of that unrest right here!"

At that the shabby courtroom came alive and the legal make-believe blew away like smoke. Suddenly you saw it as if you were there: the dreary, sodden steel towns; the vast, sprawling weight of collapsed industry choking the valleys of the Monongahela, the Allegheny, the Ohio; the blind, bitter clutch of the steel masters on this clutter of inert machinery; the aimless drift of harassed, half-starved men through the streets; the dogged struggle of the union against a terror that speaks suavely in court but barks out of the muzzles of automatics in the walled towns where steel is made and where, under cover of pious phrases, the Amalgamated is being whittled and starved and blacklisted to death.

Peace. A truce. Pittsburgh is not very smoky these days. From the Gothic tower of the Cathedral of Learning which stands half completed, waiting for the Mellons to okey the chancellor's bright idea, I saw the kingdom of Mellonia spread out below me in bright sunlight. Since the expulsion of Professor Turner, the University of Pittsburgh has been very quiet. Dr. Turner has another job, so I must not say how honest and forthright he was with his students and how greatly they respected him. A truce to all that. Except for the frantic race of automobiles along the boulevards, the whole of Pittsburgh was quiet. From the cathedral tower we could see two great hospitals. One of them was closed. The other was about one-fifth occupied. Yet the district nurses had told me that morbidity is increasing in the slum districts; the surrounding hills are full of coal, but heat and blankets are hard to get. And the Unemployed League had told me how the landlords lock their doors and refuse to accept the dole of one and one-half times the taxes which the relief administration offers in lieu of the rent which the 250,000 unemployed—one-sixth of the population of Allegheny County—can't possibly pay out of their meager "budgetary allowances."

I went to Weirton, West Virginia, shrine of the open-shop patriots, while the government, at Wilmington, was trying to compel Mr. Weir to hold an election of his employees. The big shots were all away, but everything was tranquil. This was seen to by eighteen deputy sheriffs, paid by the company. The local bartender talked out of the side

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of his mouth. He didn't know where the headquarters of the Amalgamated were; he didn't know anything. The Amalgamated Hall was across the street. I talked to a dozen members of the Weirton local, including the treasurer of New Deal Lodge No. 33. It was meeting night, but the hall was far from crowded. With a company spotter standing outside or parked across the street, the men are likely to walk past the hall rather than into it, even though they hold cards in the union. (The Amalgamated leaders claim to have organized from 80 to 95 per cent of the Weirton steel workers.)

Things being as quiet as they are, however, the company union is safer. The company union celebrated Labor Day by holding a Pageant of All the Nations on Marland Heights, where the company has built a new swimming pool. A young, good-looking Italian member of the Amalgamated thought he'd like to see the fireworks—life is pretty dull in Weirton—and went up the hill. A hard-faced man came out from under a bridge, stared at him, and signaled to another man. A good time was being had by all around the swimming pool, and the fireworks were beginning to go off. But the youth started walking rapidly away from there. A shot rang out, and the youth ran. Shouts, and another shot. As he told the story I could see him running—head back, elbows up, legs pumping—I remembered running like that myself during the war. But this was not war. Things were pretty quiet in Weirton. The mile-long steel plant, caged behind sheet metal, barbed wire, and bullet-scarred concrete, lay stretched out and scarcely breathing, like some mythical prehistoric monster, along the narrow shelf between the steep Allegheny foothills and the Ohio. The monster mustn't die, because then the men who feed it and nurse it would die; true, some of them have died already and more are likely to die this winter. The Hancock County relief director said that relief was insufficient—he was constantly asking for more. Starvation—under its official euphemisms, malnutrition and the various ills induced by cold and hunger—is likely to be a grim fact this winter in this country of coal, milk, and other surpluses.

I passed through Wheeling, West Virginia, where the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce presented me with a convention package—Cascarets, Danderine, Bayer's Aspirin, compliments of Sterling Products, Inc. The patent-medicine business is doing very well, thank you, although coal production in the Wheeling district was down to 20 per cent of normal. Thence we drove to Columbus, the capital of Ohio. You've heard about the Ohio Plan for reemploying its million extra-economic workers—nearly one-sixth of the population. It can't win—is not supposed to win. In the words of its director, Boyd Fisher, one of the founders of the American Management Association, Ohio Production Units, Inc., "will hold its relief workers in outstretched palms, waiting for any employer to take them away who is able to do so." Meanwhile they are expected to exist as economic pariahs, insulated by a *cordon sanitaire* from the surrounding profit economy. They can consume what they produce, but not sell it in the open market. In effect they sell it to the government, which in turn pays them their "budgetary allowance" in the form of wages. If this is not "forced labor," as the Ohio Unemployed League contends, it is something very much like it. It, too, is a truce of a sort—a temporary and highly unstable evasion of the basic economic and social dilemma.

In the middle of the fertile corn lands of northwestern Ohio there is a shrine dedicated to no heathenish, half-mythical Goddess of Fertility but to the memory of Warren Gamaliel Harding. It is small, consisting merely of some immensely heavy marble columns within which a weeping willow grows out of a bed of myrtle. It cost a million dollars to build and a substantial part of this sum was collected, in pennies, from American school children. Scores of devout American men, women, and children visit this shrine every day. Persons who underestimate the inertias of the American social situation should also visit this shrine and feel the immense, tranquil conviction that roots these noble columns in the sod of the Ohio prairie.

From Marion we drove to McGuffey, shipping center of the onion growers of Hardin County. I am told that the McGuffey who drained this 17,000-acre tract of black alluvial muck land went broke and that the Scioto Land Company now owns a large share of it. Other big growers are the New York Coal Company and J. B. Stanbaugh and Sons. These with a few others make up the National Onion Growers' Association, which controls the storage and most of the shipping from this district. Mr. Stanbaugh is on the county relief commission; families get relief to supplement the ten-cent-an-hour wage they earn working in his onion fields.

Hardin County is indeed a record-breaking county. It boasts the lowest agricultural wage in the country, the highest death rate from tuberculosis in the State, very high infant mortality, and equally notable records with respect to typhoid, diphtheria, malaria, and dysentery. In the interest of the truce between capital and labor one should not stress the connection between these records and the wages paid the imported Kentucky and Tennessee mountaineers who plant, weed, and harvest the onions. Or the affidavit by a widow to the effect that she and her two boys aged eleven and twelve raised 1,600 bushels of onions and got just $10 for their share—things like that should be suppressed, as well as statements by the onion workers that the women and children have been obliged to crawl on their hands and knees weeding onions, ten hours, four and a half miles, a day; that the gang bosses have been known to stamp on the children's hands to hurry them along.

Indeed, we found things pretty quiet in McGuffey, although about half the strikers were still out, having rejected the proposed settlement of fifteen cents an hour. I talked to Okey O'Dell, the strike leader who was out on bail waiting trial for daring to resist and defy his kidnappers. (The leaders of the mob who kidnapped him were never indicted.) He is a quiet, gentle Southerner, a bit huskier and more energetic than the average. He lives alone in his shack now, having sent his wife and two children back to Kentucky to prevent their being kidnapped, as had been threatened. The shack is better than most. Out on the marshes whole families were crowded into single rooms; and after the evictions they slept and cooked in the roadside ditches. Did not the growers own all the land?

Onions are cheap in McGuffey, although forty miles away in Toledo they sell for seven cents a pound. The share-croppers get around a cent a pound for their share,

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which they are obliged to sell to the Onion Growers' Association. In the store at McGuffey a share-cropper tried to sell us onions. They were sound white onions, he said, though not large because of the drought. We said we were not onion buyers, not in the market, and a strange thing happened. He cried. He sobbed. Yes, he was a little drunk. He had started getting drunk three weeks before when his two young children had both died of typhoid. There were half a dozen people in the store when he said this and they nodded confirmingly. If he had been very drunk it wouldn't have been so bad. But he was half sober. And he kept crying louder and louder, like an animal. He was still crying when we left the store.

In Kenton, the county seat, the relief director explained that they had been obliged to cut relief in the onion district from $2.50 to $2 a week for a family of three. There wasn't enough to go around. If he could get more from the State, he, Allan Ochs—whom the strikers charge with flagrant discrimination in the giving of relief—would be only too glad to spend it. Maybe there would be a tuberculosis sanitarium in Hardin County, built with PWA money. Maybe the government would start subsistence homesteads in the muck lands. Meanwhile, I asked, why didn't the county health officer condemn those shallow wells? Why didn't he burn those germ-infested shacks and insist that decent shelter be provided for the onion workers? But no, that would have been to break the truce. That would have been war, war against the feudal lords of McGuffey, who have built fine solid homes for themselves and their foremen, who have drilled deep wells to supply their drinking water, who can look out of their windows and see lines of men, women, and children crawling on hands and knees up and down the mile-long onion rows. It is a picturesque sight—almost medieval, and right in the heart of America. See America first.

In Toledo the windows of the Auto-Lite plant have been mended and business is going on as usual, including the business of Ramsey, Bossler and Company, the business agents of the A. F. of L. union, although recently the progressives captured control of the executive committee. The police of Toledo are getting paid regularly now and perhaps next time they'll attack the strikers, which they did not do in the last strike. I interviewed Edward Lamb, the liberal attorney for the Auto-Lite workers, and he described grimly a recent attempt to frame him. It appears, incidentally, that back of the scenes, and quite apart from the labor struggle, the automotive manufacturers go right on cheating each other and their stockholders with termite-like assiduity—there is no truce in business.

On the unemployed front I witnessed only two minor engagements. Three hundred members of the Single Men's Protective Union, led by Sam Pollock of the Ohio Unemployed League, marched into the office of the relief administration demanding rent and food relief instead of the care provided in the Toledo shelter, known among the unemployed as "Farewell House." The next day I attended a demonstration of the Wood County Unemployed League. Comparing the quality of the two groups I began to understand something of the problem of the unemployed organizers. The flop-house contingent—the transients—are almost impossible to organize. They have dropped too low in the human scale, have become docile and spiritless. Ultimately they present no threat, no problem to government except that of disposing of the wreckage of what were once good workingmen. But Wood County, which is half agricultural and half industrial—you can smell Heinz catchup from one end of the county to the other—has a fighting unemployed organization. They still have some physical and moral stamina; they can resist relief cuts, and it is important that they do so, for if they don't they will have less energy to fight with next time. But even if they succeed merely in preserving the status quo they are really beaten, for the cumulative effect of trying to live on the meager relief allowance—around $20 a month for an average family in Ohio—is bound to be disintegrating.

This is what the truce means in the relations between workers and employers, between government and its organized relief clients. It doesn't look like a truce to me. It looks like war—a quiet, slow, terrible war of attrition.

[*This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Rorty, who is making an extended trip through the United States. His vivid reports will appear at monthly intervals.*]

Labor Notes

Collective Bargaining Defined

COLLECTIVE bargaining is more than a procedure by which the employer receives the representatives of his workers, listens to their demands, and then decides for himself which of these demands, if any, he cares to grant. Collective bargaining, if carried on in good faith by both sides, eventuates in a bilateral contract. "It contemplates that the demands of the employees, or modifications of such demands, if acceptable to the employer, be embodied in an agreement, and that such an agreement bind both parties for a certain period of time." So ruled the National Labor Relations Board a few weeks ago in the precedent-making National Aniline and Chemical decision. In the Atlanta Hosiery Mills case the board reaffirmed this doctrine when it held that compliance by the employer with the wage and hour provisions of a code did not exempt him from the force of the collective-bargaining requirements. He must be willing to negotiate with the trade union which is representative of his workers and be ready to conclude a written and binding agreement. "The very purpose of Section 7-a," the board observed, "[was to put employees] on a par with their employers in bargaining as to terms and conditions of work more favorable than the minimum requirements of the codes." However, suppose both parties to collective bargaining manifest a will to agree, but fail to meet on specific terms. Must the content of the collective agreement go to arbitration, or do the workers retain intact the right to strike? It is unlikely that the board will seek to read compulsory arbitration into Section 7-a. But we must not forget that the Railway Labor Act, which expressly speaks of the duty to "make and maintain" collective agreements, provides for limited arbitration.

Craft Unions and the N.L.R.B.

IN two recent cases the National Labor Relations Board has handed down decisions which might be taken to indicate a bias against craft unionism and a leaning toward industrial unionism. One case raised the question of whether or not sepa-

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Forthcoming Reviews

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ESSAYS by THORSTEIN VEBLEN Reviewed by Lewis Corey

FASCISM and SOCIAL REVOLUTION by R. Palme Dutt, Reviewed by James Burnham

rate seniority ratings should be maintained for trolley and bus-service employees in the hire of the same transportation enterprise. The board ruled against separate ratings. It found that the bus drivers would not suffer from discrimination by being included in the same system of ratings as the motormen. In reaching this result, however, the board gave conclusive weight to the special circumstances of the case: the past history of collective contracts between the union and the employer; the gradual decline in the importance of the trolley service and the parallel rise of the bus service; and the fact that workers could shift easily from one occupation to the other. The second case raised the question of whether or not a small group of welders, employed by a shipbuilding plant, was entitled to recognition as a collective-bargaining unit independent of the already functioning Marine Workers' Metal Trades Council (A. F. of L.). Rejecting the welders' claims, the board pointed out that "other larger bargaining agencies exist," and that "the interests of all the workers at the plant are so closely intertwined that to permit welders to bargain separately might affect adversely the larger number of workers and crafts." The board was careful, however, to stress the special circumstances of the case, the fact, above all, that never before in the history of the industry had welders been organized as an autonomous bargaining group. We shall have to have decisions based on general principles rather than on specific conditioning factors before we can say that the board is an exponent of industrial unionism.

Subsidies and Settlements

WHEN some forty steamship lines engaged in the Atlantic and Gulf traffic agreed to recognize the International Seamen's Union, the proposed strike, which would have involved 40,000 maritime workers, was called off. The ship lines extended recognition in the most practical, concrete form. Their representatives, sitting in conference with union officers, are now seeking to negotiate collective agreements bearing on wages, hours, and the ship-crew recruiting system. There is reason to suppose that Mr. Garrison, who mediated the dispute, brought external pressure to bear upon the employers. Anxious above all else not to endanger the flow of mail subsidies, the employers reluctantly abandoned the fine old "master and servant" tradition of the sea. In short, the settlement was a first-rate demonstration of *Realpolitik*. Was it not, however, much too realistic from one important point of view? The settlement took it for granted that the I. S. U.—an A. F. of L. affiliate—was the true and unique representative of the workers, and the left-wing Marine Workers' Industrial Union was left out in the cold—a move which it sought to counter, unsuccessfully, by calling a walkout. One can readily understand why the shipowners would much rather deal with an A. F. of L. than with a left-wing union. One can also readily understand why the Labor Board should refrain from forcing an issue that might have spoiled a settlement leading to recognition of an outside union. But the board, to be consistent, should have allowed the marine workers themselves to decide by which of the two labor organizations they desired to be represented. The situation called for an election quite as forcefully as does any ordinary trade-versus-company-union controversy.

Next Week in *The Nation*

Upton Sinclair

will discuss the implications of his defeat and his plans for the future.

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Books, Drama, Films

Epiphenomenalism and Economics

Condorcet and the Rise of Liberalism in France. By J. Salwyn Schapiro. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE nominal subject of Professor Schapiro's interesting study is quite frankly no more than a handy peg. Condorcet was a figure of only secondary importance, but for that very reason conveniently typical and more suitable than greater men as material for an analysis intended to exhibit the anatomy of social thought in the Age of Enlightenment. There is very little about him as an individual, and the main purposes of the book are two: to present in systematic form the leading ideas of eighteenth-century liberalism; and to interpret them in terms of an economic determinism. Roughly speaking, the book covers the same ground as Professor Becker's brilliant "Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers," but the point of view is different. Professor Becker writes from the standpoint of a thoroughgoing intellectual skepticism; Professor Schapiro, apparently, from that of one convinced that the most important key to the meaning of human thought is the theory that it represents a rationalization of economic interests.

Liberalism arose in a decaying feudal order here brilliantly sketched. It accompanied the rise to power of a middle class, and both its a priori principles and its logical deductions were such as to favor this rise. Thus, for example, anti-clericalism owed its existence to the fact that the church was aristocratic and feudal. Belief in free speech meant, first, that intellectual laissez faire is a kind of analogue of economic laissez faire, and, second, that since the emergent class was not in authority it could get its say only by insisting that everybody should be allowed to have one.

Neither in the case of Condorcet nor in that of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the other greater men who come into the discussion does Professor Schapiro state to what extent he believes their individual opinions to have been consciously or unconsciously merely a device for promoting the material interests of the class with which they had identified themselves; whether or not, for example, Voltaire despised superstition merely because it tended to interfere with the manufacturer's opportunity to enrich himself, and whether or not he would have been a persecutor of opinion if he had happened to have authority on his side. Nevertheless, the implication seems to be that what might be called the liberal temper as distinguished from the liberal creed of any particular moment is not in itself either a reality or a force. May one not, however, be permitted to wonder whether or not this is obviously true? Certainly it is possible to make out a case by completely reversing the order of the logic. Voltaire was, let us say, a man to whose temperament dogmatism, arbitrary authority, and the arrogance of power were repulsive. For that reason he naturally sympathized with those who were the victims of these things, and through the aid given by him and his like, these persons won a victory. Perhaps the decay of the old economic order was a necessary condition of the particular victory won, but to say that is not to say either that it would have been so won without Voltaire and the rest or that the liberal temper was not a real force.

Economic materialism considered as a kind of monism raises much the same problem in connection with the nature and function of mind as is raised by the materialism of physiologists. Carried to their logical conclusions, both result in what Huxley called "epiphenomenalism"—in the theory, that is to say, that consciousness, instead of actually performing a functional role in human life, is merely a surface effect generated by processes which are chemical in the one case and economic in the other, and remains in either without any power itself to influence events. Something of the sort is plainly implicit in the psychology adopted by Marx, which, I believe, contents itself with the assumption that consciousness merely "reflects" external conditions, and undoubtedly the theory has a seductive air of simplicity naturally agreeable to those anxious to explain the world in terms which leave no doubt, no mystery, and no uncertainty.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that in the Western world few if any reputable physiologists today actually defend a thoroughgoing epiphenomenalism. They have discovered that if one is to fit observed phenomena to this apparently simple theory one becomes involved in complications much more easily disposed of by postulating an otherwise annoying dualism which assumes that mind and body are not in a simple relationship where either one absolutely determines the other, but that they are somehow correlated in such a way that either may affect the other. Nor does it seem unlikely that economic determinism may yet be forced to an admission like that which the physiologists quite unwillingly found themselves compelled to make. Man does not live in a realm of pure ideas. What he thinks and feels is often influenced by, let us say, the amount of his blood sugar, as well as by his economic interests. But ideas—even tastes—are capable of some life of their own and capable also of exerting a real influence upon human behavior.

In his last chapter Professor Schapiro undertakes an evaluation of Condorcet and liberalism. He points out truly enough that liberalism is not synonymous with economic laissez faire, and that the task of today is "to preserve its precious heritage, civil rights and responsible government." I assume that he is himself a liberal and he does not say that this is the only task of liberalism, just as he does not anywhere say in so many words that he accepts economic determinism in all its rigor. Indeed, I assume that he does not. Nevertheless, it is too bad that he did not add to the task of liberalism the task of preserving what he once referred to as its "climate of opinion." It is this climate they generated, rather than their specific ideas, which makes the eighteenth-century philosophers interesting today. It is also one of the most precious parts of their heritage.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Ghost in the Builder's Closet

Rameses to Rockefeller: The Story of Architecture. By Charles Harris Whitaker. Random House. $3.50.

THIS is scarcely a layman's "story" of architecture. In the guise of the story it is the revelation, to the layman, of the ghost in the architect's and builder's closet. Whether the monument arose at Karnak, Athens, or Amiens, the ghost was always there.

In the college texts and the amiable architectural histories the ghost cannot be prevented from peeping through; but the horror is promptly exorcised and rather adds to the enjoyment. In the manner of a deacon before his Thanksgiving dinner it is admitted that fine buildings have hitherto always arisen on the back of misery. It is rare that precisely this obnoxious intrusion should, in a book on architecture, be taken seriously.

This author never gets over it. "Ever since the days of Khufru," he asserts in one of his many formulations of the problem, "it is plain that, by one method or another, all builders

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have been used for ends that were in themselves destroyers of the societies that employed them." Except for brief periods, generally alluded to long after as "dark" ages because their record, probably a happy one, is so unpretentious, ephemeral, and now unclear, those buildings that count as "architecture" have been tools of the powerful in the process of overawing and then subjugating others. Even in Greece, "the requirement, no matter how it was refined and beautified and made noble in proportion and radiant with sculpture, was a building that would advertise ideas and lead to such submissions as would minimize the discontent of slaves, lead free citizens to pay taxes cheerfully, and, with conscious pride and glory, go forth obediently to war." It is not in the high periods that one looks for the kind of building Mr. Whitaker enjoys, that promises peace and security for all and the charm "found, for many a lover [of architecture] not in costly monuments but in minor simplicities, where purpose is combined with grace and form, and where one is asked to believe in nothing but a clean and quiet lodging for the night, some pleasant talk over food and drink, and some happy memories to carry away."

To question the cruelty of architecture is so corrosive that one seldom sees it done by any except iconoclasts, who would be incapable anyway of feeling the power in architectural forms. Or, again, the question gets raised by those people who affect, despite all the complexities and accidents of human life, to be able, facing a monument, to deduct from its visible form the whole moral strength or weakness of the builder. For this Mr. Whitaker is too honest; and he is therefore subjected to a greater strain. That the silver with which the workmen on the Parthenon were paid was mined at Laurion "under conditions so revolting and inhuman that one shudders at thought of them" does not invalidate the proportions of the Doric order as there erected. The fact of the inhumanity need not enter there. It comes more directly and honestly into the architectural record. It need not show up in the temple taken by itself—though a trace can hardly escape—but it will show up, infallibly, if the man has eyes to see not only the temple but the surrounding hovels. And if the association between palace and temple on the one side and hovel on the other is often enough repeated, then both become parts of each other and the event embracing both is one. It is then that emotions become mixed.

From this standpoint, then, the story of "architecture" is the story of repeated subversion of the craftsman's skill and joy to purposes of advertising, mystifying, and empire-building. The reader could have wished for more skill in the teller. He is didactic, repetitious, diffuse, often sentimental. Yet, having something burdensome to say, he finally cuts his way through, and the courageous attitude toward what he loves permits flashes of wit, sudden revealing conjunctions, and fresh news.

It is when he approaches his own country and time that the author gathers all his strength, to throw it into the penultimate chapters. These describe, *sub specie aeternitatis*, the American building game. Nothing essential is added to what has already appeared in the literature of the architectural profession, notably the writings of Frederick L. Ackerman, but the exposition is any amount clearer and more useful to the layman. As a past editor of the *Journal* of the American Institute, Mr. Whitaker knows what he is talking about. This American empire he describes is founded squarely on landlordism and debt; it has been so founded since Jamestown and Plymouth; and from landlordism and debt the handling of the land and of all that is built on it, whether skyscrapers or reformist "housing," gets its character. Consider, for example, today:

> . . . The process by which food is to be put in hungry mouths and clothing on naked backs does not begin by putting food in hungry mouths and clothing on naked backs but by a series of pecuniary operations (all of which increase the debt burden), the effect of which it is hoped will eventually get the food to the hungry mouths and the clothing on the unclad backs as an incident in the pecuniary operations. . . . The same series of pecuniary entanglements stands between a majority of the population of the United States and a decent house to live in.

For the sake of insights like these one can overlook obvious faults that belong no more to the book than to the generation of the author. The present is adept at hiding the carrier of the ball, and so Mr. Whitaker and his associates have missed the real successor of their idolized craftsman, partly because aversion to the Renaissance has caused complete neglect of its non-dilettante contribution. That contribution, plain as a barn door, is the technique of scientific experiment; and when Michelangelo clumsily held together the dome of St. Peter's with a chain, he was anticipating synthetic materials and skills of a sort beyond those of his own age. The craftsman's successor is in the laboratory; but the perversion of *his* contribution is less noticed than perversion of craftsmanship, because, unlike the other, it has never been permitted to come to flower. Most especially never in building.

Yet despite this flaw Mr. Whitaker's book, for the sake of its last chapters, is worth having for any man to whom buildings and architecture have an organic meaning. It will sharpen his eyesight and his wits. He will understand the morning paper when it relates that in the town of Glen Cove, Long Island, where the millionaires have placed vast specimens of country-house architecture, a third of the families are on relief, yet the Morgans, Harknesses, and Loews have had their tax assessments reduced, leaving the bag in the hands of the small suckers who *owe* their own homes.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Law and Society

Law and Order in Polynesia. By H. Ian Hogbin. With an Introduction by Bronislaw Malinowski. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

LAW, the means that any society uses to enforce its will upon its individual members, often has little in common with the administrative and judicial forms with which we are familiar in our own civilization. Comparative studies are badly needed, for there is complete diversity in different communities with respect both to the bodies in which authority is vested and to the occasions which call for its exercise. The present volume describes the social bonds and the exercise of authority principally in the coral atoll of Ontong Java, northeast of Ysabel in the Solomon Islands, of which the author has first-hand knowledge. This account is supplemented by notes on other Polynesian island groups summarized from monographs of other investigators.

Dr. Hogbin is dissatisfied with the catchwords that have too often been invoked in discussions of law in other societies, and sets forth his material to show that the forces which operate to insure conformity to existing institutions arise out of those institutions themselves and not out of a mystical collective consciousness. He shows that the scope of law in the societies he discusses is far larger than punitive enforcements, and that by being limited to the latter, many discussions have been rendered fruitless.

As is well known, authority is well organized in Polynesia, and the occasions upon which it is exercised are traditional. In Ontong Java an individual who shirks or who defies his community may be formally ostracized and have no recourse but to make his peace or beg his livelihood. Some generations before the first contact with Europeans a native chief commanded enough support to set himself up as super-chief—or, as Dr.

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Hogbin translates, king—put down blood feuds, and assumed jurisdiction in many circumstances formerly settled by private vengeance. The legal forms, as usually in primitive societies, are extensions of family or kinship forms, and show clearly how easily authority may be vested here in familial or there in political groups.

It is hard to judge, since Dr. Hogbin's complete monograph on Ontong Java has not yet appeared, why he selects the traditional ceremony on the death of the chief for extended discussion. It is of course true that tribal ceremonies intensify community life and insure solidarity. But that hardly seems to necessitate the inclusion of the chants and dances of the ceremonies, which seem somewhat desultory, while many topics having to do with economic arrangements and family obligations are barely touched upon.

Dr. Hogbin has no difficulty, from his Polynesian material, in showing that these primitive societies have well-ordered legal institutions. He does not extend his discussion to maintain that legal institutions are characteristic of all human societies, but Professor Malinowski in his long introduction takes this further step and maintains that "law is one of the essential prerequisites of all cultural processes." He organizes his discussion in opposition to Professor Radcliffe-Brown's position that "some primitive societies have no law." The discussion is largely verbal, and clear statement of the matter seems to be impossible so long as everyone operates with a different definition of law. Since, however, with all students the subject under discussion is that of the sources and occasions of social authority, it is not necessary to stumble over the offending word "law." When detailed statements of social codes are available—statements of what they are able to enforce and of the inducements they offer, together with the breaches of custom recognized by the community and the action that is traditionally taken—there need be no confusion, and we shall eventually arrive at a comparative study of different social institutions and the methods by which they secure conformity in the community.

RUTH BENEDICT

Paul "Up to Date"

Beyond Damascus. By F. A. Spencer. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE reign of Paul is ended and that of Jesus has begun, so we were informed by Renan many years ago. The reign of Paul is beginning again, judging by the flood of books recently published and promised on the life and mind of the Apostle to the Gentiles. There is plenty of reason for a revival of interest other and more than theological in the ideas of the man who, in the strictest sense, was the founder of Christianity. For it was, of course, Paul not Jesus who made Christ the central object of the worship of the early Christians. The transformation of the local Jewish sect led by the Nazarene into a universal religion of salvation through faith in Christ resurrected was in large measure the intellectual as well as the missionary work of Paul. The metamorphosis is peculiarly instructive now when other and secular religions, such as communism and fascism, are beginning to absorb the Western imagination. Recent scholarly inquiry into the circumstances of religious and social life in the first century make a reconsideration of Paul necessary as well as possible.

Just what contribution Mr. Spencer's "Beyond Damascus" makes or is supposed to make it is difficult to say. There is very little more to be known about the life of Paul than the small brochure that might be made out of part of the Book of Acts and scattered references in the Epistles. Yet it is to the life of Paul that Mr. Spencer, a professor of classics, devotes his book of more than four hundred pages. There is internal evidence that Mr. Spencer knows a great deal about the first century, especially about the details of Greek and Roman life in the period. There is, indeed, rather a parade of obscure classical knowledge, not a little of it irrelevant and some of it, in a florid way, entertaining. The book is in essence a historical costume novel of the first century with Paul as its hero. But it is the historical costuming that seems to absorb Mr. Spencer. There are whole chapters and "interchapters" about scabrous or picturesque aspects of the life of the period. "Interchapter" is, by the way, a convenient term in apology for the introduction of the unnecessary or the irrelevant. *Cf.* the interchapter on the amusements of Nero.

Not that there is too little about Paul. On the contrary there is too much. There is a circumstantial account a page and a half long of the scene at the birth of Paul. There are references to the "hotels" at which Paul stopped, the "dormitories" at which he slept, the "greasy grinds" he might have known at the University of Tarsus. The book, to make Paul living, is filled with modern argot—"bogus trade unions, gangsters, speakeasies." The picture of the first century is enlivened with references to Tammany, Kiwanis, Rotarians, picnics, Billy Sunday, and Aimee Semple Macpherson. Paul is "like a graduate student who sits through many a seminar with his tongue in his cheek"—this by way of describing his studies at the feet of Gamaliel, from which studies he is said to have emerged "an outwardly zealous but secretly discontented alumnus." These epithets are not quoted in petulance. They seem to this reviewer to reveal the temper and the shortcomings of the volume. Mr. Spencer apparently believes he can make Paul immortal by making him sound up to date.

One wonders for just whom this book is intended. It is filled with too much learning, though of a ragbag sort, to be interesting to those who might a year or two ago have read Bruce Barton's success story of Paul. Those who are interested in the background of the period, religious and social, can find the whole milieu treated with more urbanity and authority and precision—and, oddly enough, more vividly—in Loisy, Cumont, or Reizenstein. Foakes Jackson in his "Life of St. Paul" would give a reader an account of what is really to be known about the life of Paul, and the quiet scholarly pages of his book would be found far more moving than the high-pressure narrative under review.

As far as interpretation goes, there is almost none to speak of here, and what there is, is not very helpful: "The cosmic sweep of Paul's teaching is enormous." Except for a few vivid pictures, fairly fancy pictures, such as that of a mystery initiation, there is so far as this reader can judge very little to help anybody to understand or imaginatively to realize Paul. The book fails to be either philosophy or poetry or, for that matter, history. But there are some amusing details about the vices of the Roman emperors.

IRWIN EDMAN

Education of Ezra Pound

Eleven New Cantos: XXXI to XLI. By Ezra Pound. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.

ABOUT the time the first thirty Cantos were published, Mr. Pound was reported to have declared that he was giving up poetry for political economy. It is gratifying to find that this report was slightly exaggerated. Even if the term is used with the utmost latitude, only a small portion of the new Cantos can be called poetry, but one is thankful for such small favors as are forthcoming.

Of the eleven new sections of Mr. Pound's amazing scrapbook, seven almost in entirety and two more in large part con-

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sist of snippings he has made in pursuance of his present interests. At first reading, it might appear that he has been taking correspondence courses in such subjects as the History of the United States Treasury from the Revolution to the Civil War (from the Original Documents), Banking and Public Finance in Fifteenth-Century Italy, Psychopathology of the Crowned Heads during the Napoleonic Era, and Sales Methods in the Munitions Industry; that he has come across a number of sometimes very dull and sometimes very interesting facts, which he has not yet digested; that he has made notes diligently on small pieces of paper; and finally that, an Apennine gust having scattered these papers over the hills about Rapallo, Mr. Pound has picked them up and sent them to the printer as he found them. On maturer consideration, traces of connection between the fragments can be discovered here and there, along with an illuminating comment, but in general the significance does not emerge. Major Douglas of Social Credit, Mr. Pound's present mentor, is sensed dimly in the background, although he is cited by name only once. Even a good thumping apotheosis would be a relief. But one awaits in vain an apocalyptic vision of the transfigured major waving his national-dividend slips, attended by Mr. Munson and Mr. Orage *en séraphin,* with Mr. Pound himself, perhaps, leering from a corner of the picture in the guise of a gargoyle.

Of the remaining Cantos, XXXVI appears to be a translation of a medieval treatise on love in the neo-Platonic manner, XXXIX is another variation on the Circe passages of the Odyssey, about half of XXXV consists of gossip overheard in Central Europe, and part of XL is a reworking of an ancient account of the founding of Phoenician colonies, the point of which seems to be a comparison of ancient and modern imperialism. Mr. Pound's personal contributions here are greater, and they prove that he can write in his old manner when he wishes.

For the sake of these passages, at least, those who found in the previous Cantos one of the richest poetic stores of our time will want the present volume too. As to the rest, it is always wise to listen when Mr. Pound, in his role of "instigator," tries to call something to our attention. It remains a matter for regret, however, that he seems to have been stumped by the problem of combining poetry and economics, when younger poets, most of them his own disciples, are already proving themselves equal to the task. Is the reason this, that it takes a great philosophy to produce a great vision, and Mr. Pound's social tenets do not go deeply enough into the needs of our time to supply adequate stimulus to the imagination?

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Shorter Notices

Travels of a Chinese Poet. Tu Fu, Guest of Rivers and Lakes. Volume II: A.D. 759-770. By Florence Ayscough. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Mrs. Ayscough completes in this volume her biography of Tu Fu, or rather her autobiography, since what she does is to translate his poems in settings—chronological, topographical, and literary—which her own prose provides. The result, in the present volume as well as in its predecessor, is a mine of information and allusion bearing upon one of the great poets of the world, his life and works. Yet it is like most mines, difficult of entrance and, after the first thrill of being there, unpleasant to explore. Mrs. Ayscough is so good a scholar and so respectful of the Chinese way in everything that she has come as near as may be to producing a Chinese book which itself stands in need of translation. Her versions of the poems, while vastly preferable to those in Victorian rhyme which we had to begin with, give the uncomfortable impression that Tu Fu is struggling against insuperable odds to write them in English. Mr. Waley's way is still the best, whether or not he reproduces the veritable Tu Fu. In Mr. Waley at least the poetry is veritable, and no translator will ever succeed who does not recognize the necessity that this should be so.

Benjamin Rush, Physician and Citizen, 1746-1813. By Nathan G. Goodman. University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.

Rush is remembered chiefly as the most prominent American physician of his day, and Dr. Goodman writes with professional competence of his theories, advanced for the time though now largely antiquated, concerning the nature and proper treatment of disease, his skill and fame as a practitioner, his strenuous labors during the yellow-fever epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793, and his efforts to improve medical education and hospital administration. As a contribution to the history of medicine in America the book has special value. Rush's other activities were many. He was a member of the Continental Congress, inspired the writing of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" and suggested the title, signed the Declaration of Independence, served as physician and surgeon-general of the Middle Department, and worked for the ratification of the Constitution by Pennsylvania. Unfortunately he was irascible and contentious, and his famous quarrel with Dr. William Shippen, medical director-general, over the deplorable conditions in the army hospitals and the supply service was colored by bitter personal feeling. He quarreled also with Washington, although friendly relations were later resumed, and his name was linked with the Conway Cabal, but Dr. Goodman thinks it doubtful if he was "definitely connected with any concerted effort" to remove Washington as commander-in-chief. He helped to organize the College of Physicians and Surgeons, was the principal promoter of the establishment of Dickinson College, and was for ten years president of the Pennsylvania Antislavery Society. Dr. Goodman's research has been thorough, and his book fills with much skill a gap in American biography.

Drama

Healthy Hawks and Sickly Eagles

NEITHER Sinclair Lewis nor Lloyd Lewis may know very much about the mechanics of dramatic construction. Before "Jayhawker" has got very far on its way at the Cort Theater it is, indeed, evident that they do not. Fortunately, however, their play about the seamy side of the Civil War remains an interesting and gusty affair with a flavor of its own. I assume that the second-named of the collaborators furnished the history, but the author of "Babbitt" certainly provided the language and established the tone. Despite the obvious tendency of the play to run down hill Sinclair Lewis gets himself over in dialogue, and his characteristic virtues shine through.

"Jayhawker" Burdette—politician, orator, opportunely repentant sinner, and general scalawag—is a bigger man than the George F. Babbitts and Elmer Gantrys of this later day. His skullduggery, indeed, is almost epic. Nevertheless, he is their common ancestor functioning in a more spacious age, and like them he is the victim of his own muddle-headedness, of his own inability to distinguish very clearly between the sincerity to which he occasionally aspires and the rotund clichés which go down so much better with constituents or companions. Ostensibly "Jayhawker" is a satire on militant idealism, an episode

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in a debunker's history of the Civil War. But like Mr. Lewis's novels it is interesting and entertaining less because of its purpose than because the author succeeds (as Mr. Mencken does) in communicating something of the delight he takes in contemplating the grotesque aspects of human life. Senator Burdette is a rascal and a hypocrite. In his clearer moments he knows it himself, and there is even a time when he realizes with real distress that it is because of men like himself that simpler, sincerer young fellows are slaughtering one another by thousands. But he lies like an artist and he is scoundrelly without malice. The lust for life and the joy of combat are strong within him. His skill in demagoguery is a talent which, as Milton says, it were death to hide. Somebody is going to mislead the people. High-sounding nonsense is what they insist upon having. And no one can make nonsense more high sounding or misleadership more exciting than he can. He gives the public what it wants and he enjoys doing it. Of what other stuff are leaders made?

Fred Stone, veteran of many a musical comedy, plays the role with both fire and judgment. He gives to the character the likableness it must have, and it is difficult to think of anyone else who could have done so well. Walter Kelly, who came from vaudeville a few years ago to contribute so much to "Both Your Houses," is almost equally good in the smaller part of the Jayhawker's Southern counterpart, and Carol Stone, youngest of Fred Stone's daughters, is an agreeable presence. Of course it is still a pity that the structure of the play is such that the interest is not cumulative. By far the best scene is the first, in which Burdette usurps the pulpit at a Kansas camp-meeting, and while confessing his sins, turns the services into a political meeting. If the drama were played backward like "Merrily We Roll Along" it would work up to a smashing climax instead of petering out as it undoubtedly does. But though the defect may sound fatal it really is not. "Jayhawker" remains very distinctly a play to see. Its lesson, I think, gets across rather better than most dramatic lessons do; I am certain that it is a vast deal more flavorsome and alive than they usually are.

A few years ago Eva LeGallienne showed what she could do with a great play, when she gave a really memorable performance as Juliet. In "L'Aiglon" (Broadhurst Theater) she returns to a task which, for some odd reason, she seems usually to prefer—that of making a second-rate drama seem better than it is. Clemence Dane has skilfully adapted Rostand's old play in a version which mingles prose and verse. Richard Addingsell, remembered for the scores he wrote for "Alice in Wonderland" and "Come of Age," has composed an agreeable musical accompaniment. But their frank recognition of the fact that "L'Aiglon" has to be taken as a work in that transition stage where one is not sure whether it should be put in a museum or left in the attic does not tend to make it seem particularly substantial. As for Miss LeGallienne, she does everything that could be done. She has obviously thrown herself into the task with great enthusiasm. She plays with resource and restraint. She also directs so well that Ethel Barrymore seems often to forget that she is Ethel Barrymore and to remember that she is supposed to be the Hapsburg mother of the pining eaglet. For all these reasons the performance has interesting things to offer both the star's followers and students of the theater. But none are enough to make one forget that the play is a creaky affair constructed out of labored dramatic ironies, flavored with vaguely romantic patriotic sentiments, and working up to conclusion in one of the most operatic deathbed scenes ever written to be spoken rather than sung.

There is a good classic reason why "L'Aiglon" could not possibly be a great play and that is that its hero is admittedly a very weak man to whom, because of his weakness, nothing really tragic could ever happen. To me, moreover, it has also

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ready entertainment with more laughs of the sort which originate below the neck than very many comedies can boast.

THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE. Forty-Sixth St. Theater. Marc Connelly helps make a delightful play about life on the old Erie Canal. It's colorful, picturesque and amusing.

WITHIN THE GATES. National Theater. Sean O'Casey's modern miracle play with Lillian Gish. Received with rapturous applause to which mine was not added.

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seemed that in this particular case even the lesser effect of pathos was not very successfully achieved because I could never feel too sorry for a man whose chief complaint against fate was simply that it did not give him Europe to play with. Like a spoiled child he is perpetually whining to mamma or grandpapa, "I want France," and I could never think it too great a pity that they did not give it to him. As the story was unfolded again before my unsympathetic eyes, I found myself thinking of an item recently published in the newspapers about the reigning beauty in a Bulgarian village who committed suicide when an inhabitant returned from Zagreb to report that he had seen prettier girls there. She left a note which said, "I no longer care to live in a world where there are girls prettier than me." L'Aiglon pined away in consumption because his relatives said "No, no," when he wanted to conquer the world. What about the rest of us who are not even village beauties?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

"Three Songs About Lenin"

NOT two weeks have passed since this column ventured the prophecy that a recent picture was likely to be the most interesting to be seen in New York this season. It is not to detract in the least from Mr. Flaherty's admirable film about the Aran Islands to say that the prophecy made about it has already proved false and that it has been surpassed even in those qualities of photographic imagery and design for which it was most notable. "Three Songs About Lenin," which has just had its world première at the Cameo, would be remarkable if it possessed only those qualities—in the "pure" or absolute sense in which Mr. Flaherty's picture and certain other pictures have possessed them. As an illustration of a new kind of composition for the screen—as different from the old as a novel by James or Proust from a simple chronological record of events—it offers also the peculiar excitement which always attends an innovation in any field of art. But we can hardly have any illusions at this late date as to the relative interest and value of a work of art which depends *only* on its beauty of form or technique. "Pure cinema" is subject to the same objections that may be raised against "pure poetry" or that other even greater bugbear of the aesthetic theorist, "pure fiction." And the real excellence of the Soviet film at the Cameo will be found to consist in the perfect synthesis of its novel structural design with a truly great and heroic modern theme.

The film may be most simply described as a symphonic legend about the greatest of modern saints. To follow D. H. Lawrence's characterization of Lenin as a saint is perhaps the best way of indicating the solemnity and devotion with which his legend is communicated to us in this picture. What Vertov is directly concerned with presenting is not so much the biographical facts about Lenin as the emotional meaning of his personality and career for a whole race of people in our time. He is engaged at once in recording and in perpetuating the Lenin legend. The nearest equivalent in the European past for such an effort would be some narrative or pictorial rendition of the life of Christ during the first great blossoming of the Middle Ages. The dogma has at last been absorbed into the experience of a race and a time, and the symbols alone are sufficient to stir up emotions of faith and devotion. Because it deals with symbols existing for the emotions rather than with ideas or concepts existing for the mind "Three Songs About Lenin" falls quite distinctly within the realm of art. It is not too much to say that such a treatment of Lenin's life as it offers would have been impossible in Soviet Russia ten or even five years ago. The process by which the spokesman of a new dogma was transformed into a legend would not have been completed.

Most attempts to draw parallels between musical forms and other unrelated forms of art are superficial and without point; but here the correspondence with the symphonic form is so intentionally worked out that it is impossible to ignore it. In the first place, the ordering of the material is musical rather than narrative; a conscious juxtaposition of themes and motifs rather than a causal progression of events in time. Vertov, who is one of the best-known newsreel camera men in Russia, has "composed" his work out of the few actual newsreels taken of Lenin during his lifetime and out of other actual newsreels made in Russia since the revolution. In the second place, there is the division of the structure into three movements or three of the many anonymous songs about Lenin which have sprung up throughout the Soviet Union since his death. The first song, "Under a Black Veil My Face," celebrates the emancipation of the women of Daghestan from the restraints of Oriental custom and tradition as this was made possible by the Lenin revolution. The second song, "We Loved Him," begins with an *andante* movement but rises toward the end to a note of exalted religious affirmation reminiscent of the hymns to Adonis in Alexandrian Greece or the hosannahs of the Easter service in the Christian church. The third song, "In the Great City of Stone," is an accelerated résumé of all the social and industrial accomplishments of the Soviet Union since 1923. None of the material in this part—the shots of Magnitogorsk, of the great dam at Dnieperstroy, of the massed athletic and military formations in the Red Square—is unfamiliar to anyone who has followed the recent Russian newsreel. But what matters in this first successful effort to use the symphonic form on the screen is not the novelty of the separate pictorial images but the intensity of their fusion in a single unified thematic composition. As André Malraux remarks on the program, "The art of Vertov consists in the ability to express the highest possible intensity through the simplest possible means."

It is hard to determine exactly what motive lies behind such an enterprise as "The First World War," currently showing at the Rialto. As an album of newsreel shots, beginning with Bismarck making a speech in 1895 and ending with a couple of enemy soldiers exchanging hats after the Armistice, it undoubtedly makes an appeal to our sense of the pathos of time. Here those personages and events of the last thirty years which have become a part of the fabric of our memory are rearranged for us in an orderly pattern of time and with that vividness which a re-creation in space always makes possible. But the result is not to give to them any meaning acceptable either to our intelligence or to our feelings. As far as our feelings are concerned, this panorama of the last thirty years can only fill us with an immense sense of futility and despair. And of meaning in any abstract sense it is as innocent as any product of Hollywood now showing on Broadway. Nor is it possible to say that it presents the facts about modern warfare with such objectivity that their meaning is self-evident. How little true that would be may be judged from the fact that nowhere are we shown close-ups of the wounded, the dying, and the dead. These would have been quite horrible, to be sure, but without the horror what is the effect of such a picture as this? The effect, as might be expected, is that the eagles and trumpets do actually drown out every other note. One was treated at the Rialto to the spectacle of an audience which hissed viciously when the portrait of Lenin was flashed on the screen and applauded loudly when the American doughboys left for France. The effect, in a word, is just the opposite from what such a prosperous exponent of peace as Mr. Stallings, who edited the production, could have intended: it is to help prepare the American public for the Second World War.

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